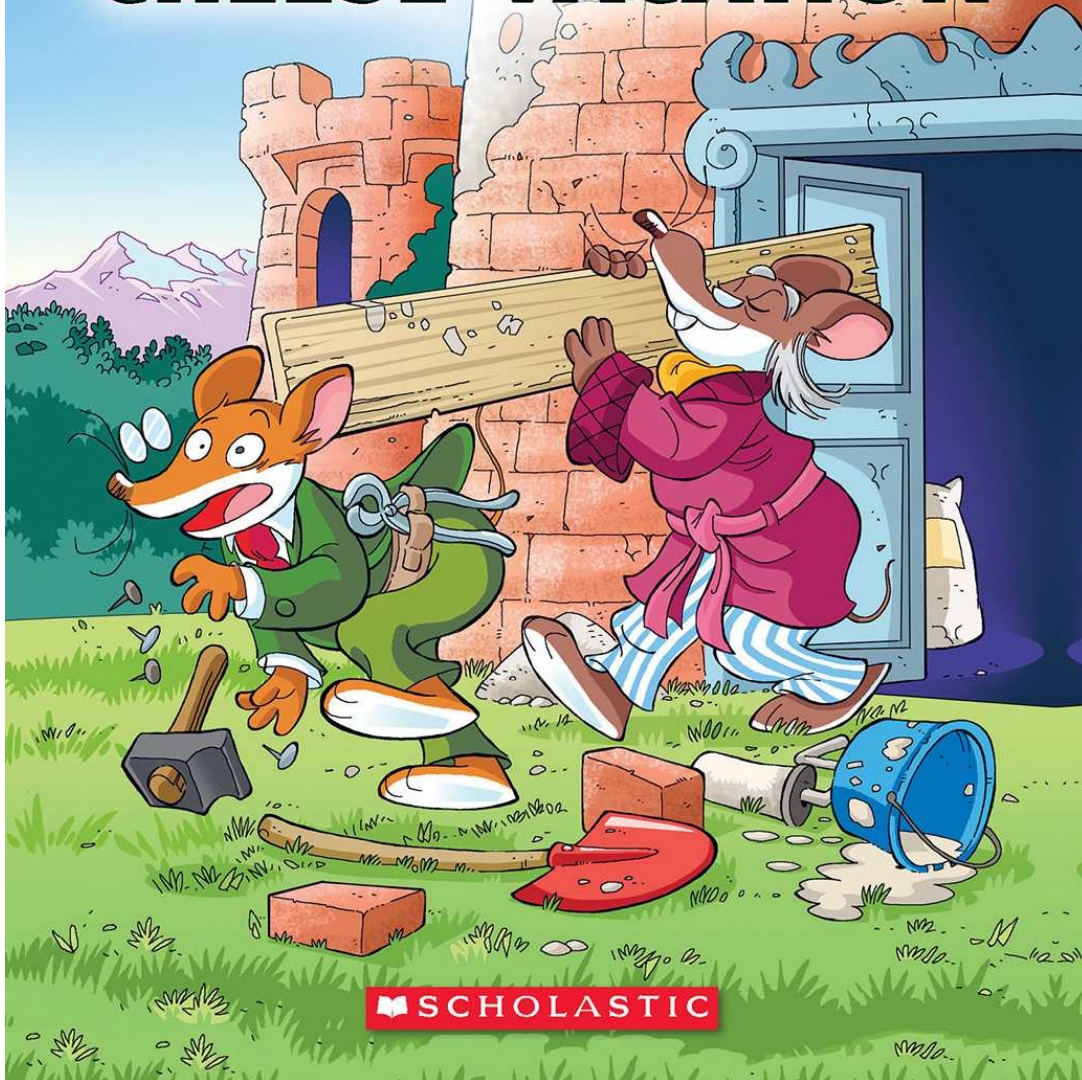




Geronimo Stilton

THE STINKY CHEESE VACATION



 **SCHOLASTIC**

Dear mouse friends,
Welcome to the world of



Geronimo Stilton



THE RODENT'S GAZETTE
EDITORIAL STAFF





Geronimo Stilton
A learned and brainy
mouse; editor of
The Rodent's Gazette

Thea Stilton
Geronimo's sister and
special correspondent at
The Rodent's Gazette



Trap Stilton
An awful joker;
Geronimo's cousin and
owner of the store
Cheap Junk for Less

Benjamin Stilton
A sweet and loving
nine-year-old mouse;
Geronimo's favorite
nephew



Geronimo Stilton

THE STINKY CHEESE VACATION



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www.geronimostilton.com

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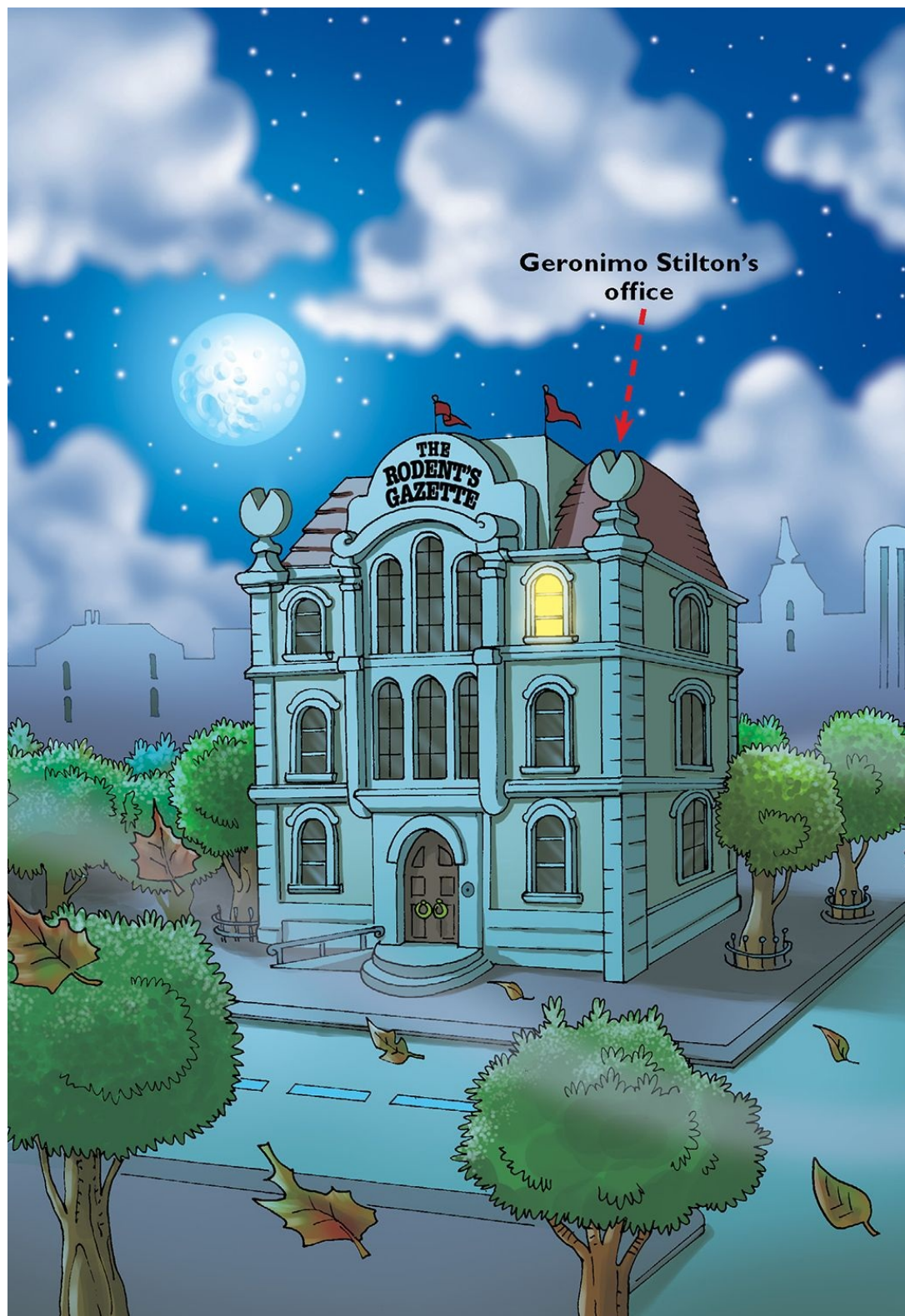
A GLOOMY LETTER

It was a **dreary** November evening. A **cold** wind blew, **shaking** the last dry leaves from the branches of the trees that swayed just outside my office window.

WHAT A GLOOMY ATMOSPHERE!

As the sun **SANK** below the horizon,







long **SHADOWS** spread over the streets of New Mouse City, the capital of Mouse Island, and the city where I live.

WHOOPS! The gloom must have affected my **manners**, because I forgot to introduce myself. My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton!* I run *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most **FAMOUSE** newspaper on Mouse Island.

Now where was I? Ah, yes. It was **late** and everyone else on the editorial staff had gone **home**. But I was still working in my office, which is on the **top** floor of the building. It had been so busy that

I still hadn't opened the day's **MAIL**! I pushed aside a pile of papers and contracts that I needed to read, and I noticed a





letter tied with a gloomy **black** ribbon.

Holey Swiss cheese! It looked like the type of letter someone sends when a mouse has **died!**

My whiskers were **shaking** with worry. With **trembling** paws, I slowly opened the envelope. Inside, I found a **crumpled** piece of paper with a **black** border. I glanced at the bottom of the letter to see the signature. It was from **SAMUEL S. STINGYSNOUT!**

Do you know him? No?! *Lucky you!*

Samuel Stingysnout is the **stingiest** rodent on Mouse Island. He would do anything to save money or to get his paws on something **FREE**. And unfortunately Samuel Stingysnout also happens to be . . . my **uncle!**

I read the letter.



Dear Geronimo,

Excuse the stains on this letter — they are just my sad, sad tears. Dear me, I have some gloomy news: I am informing you of my impending departure from this world (and by this I mean my death, which is coming very, very soon!).

So I beg you to come visit right away. And I mean immediately, or as soon as you possibly can! I am waiting here at Penny Pincher Castle, the Stingysnout family home, to give you my last — and by this I mean my very last — good-bye!

Your affectionate uncle,
Samuel S. Stingysnout

P.S. Don't forget to bring your checkbook!



Oh no! **POOR** Uncle Stingysnout!
Though, when I saw him just a few days
ago, he seemed to be in **PERFECT** health.
HOW STRANGE! What could
have **HAPPENED**? He didn't mention
anything in the **letter**. But it was very
clear what I needed to do: go and **visit** him!





Of course, I wasn't sure exactly what I was going to **DO** there (he hadn't mentioned that in the **letter**, either!). But I noticed that he very clearly told me to bring my **checkbook**. So I put it in my pocket, packed my **Suitcase**, and loaded up the car. Then I headed toward Penny Pincher Castle right away!





THANK GOODMOUSE YOU'RE HERE!

The trip to Penny Pincher Castle was **loooong** and **EXHAUSTING**. I went through the Valley of Lack (which lacks just about **everything**!) and crossed Loneliness Passage, a remote, little-known gorge. When I reached Scantytown, I finally saw **CHEAP CHANGE HILL**, the craggy peak where Penny Pincher Castle sits.

I drove up the **only** street in Scantytown, which has only one lane and clambers up the **mountain**. When I finally arrived at the castle, I couldn't believe my eyes.

MOLDY MOZZARELLA! It was so **dilapidated**! It was even worse than the last time I had been there. The castle walls

were **crumbling**,
the door was **unhinged**,
the windows were all
broken, and only a
few shingles were left
on the **ROOF**. You could
tell that my uncle really
cared about one thing:
saving **money**!

I tried to **ring** the
doorbell, but it was
broken: A spring shot
out at me and almost
poked me in the **EYE**!
When I knocked on the
door, one of the last
shingles on the roof fell
and almost **FLATTENED**
me like a pancake!



Outside the Castle

Chimney
obstructed by
a bird's nest

Precarious eave

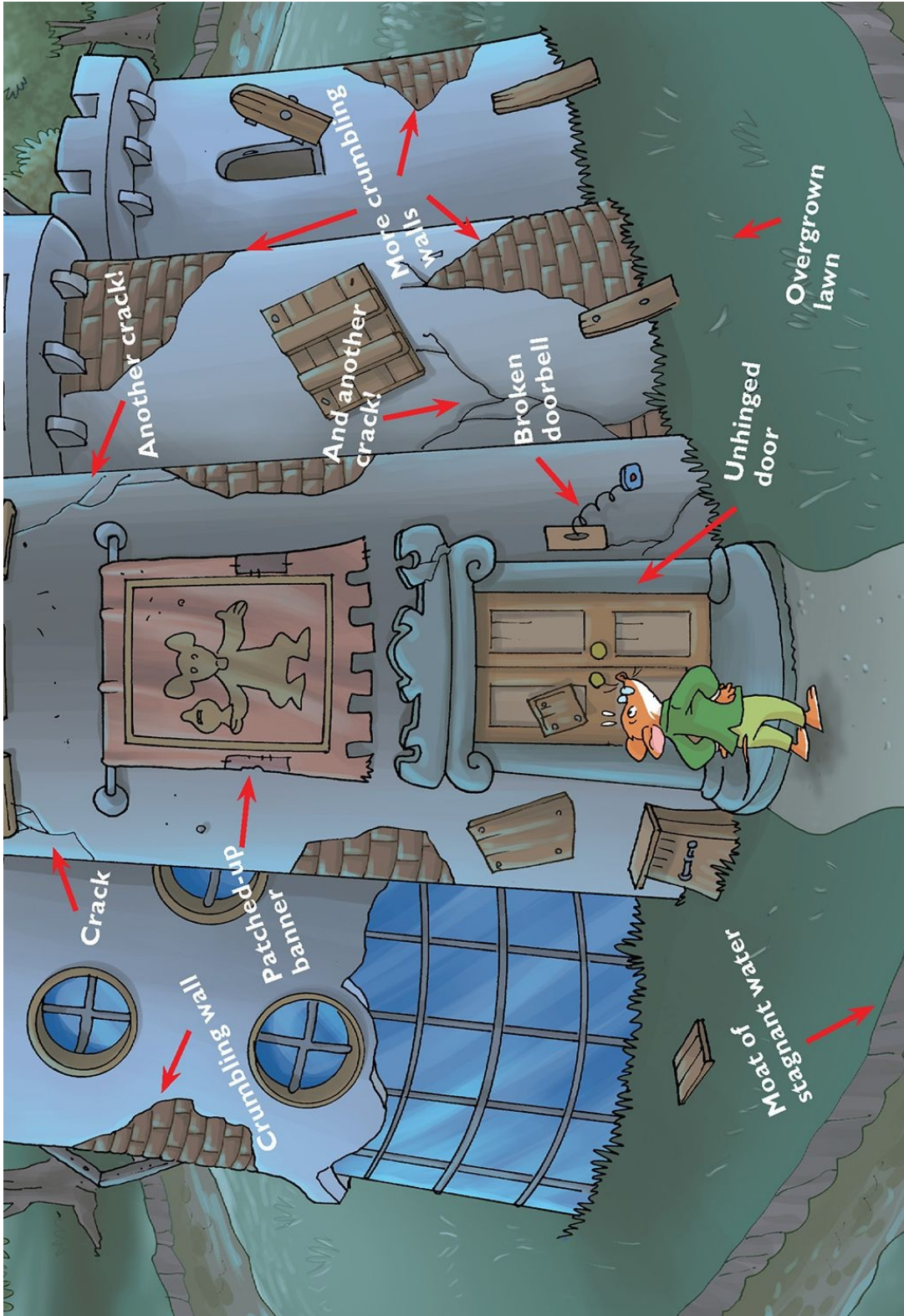
Broken
windows

Roof with hardly
any shingles

Balcony that's
about to
collapse

Dangling
gutters





Inside the Castle

1. TREASURE ROOM
2. BATHROOM
3. LIVING ROOM
4. BEDROOM
5. UNCLE SAMUEL'S STUDY
6. LIBRARY
7. GREAT HALL
8. BANQUET HALL
9. BEDROOM
10. KITCHEN
11. SITTING ROOM
12. ENTRY HALL
13. BASEMENT
14. GARAGE







A snout appeared in one of the **broken** windows.

“Come up, **NePHeW**, come up!” a familiar voice squeaked **WEAKLY**. “Thank goodmouse you arrived in time to pay your **last respects!**”

It was a good thing I had arrived there so quickly — **UNCLE STINGY SNOUT**

sounded like he was on his

last paw! I entered the

castle. There was a

layer of **DUST**

on the furniture,

there were **spiderwebs**

everywhere, and it

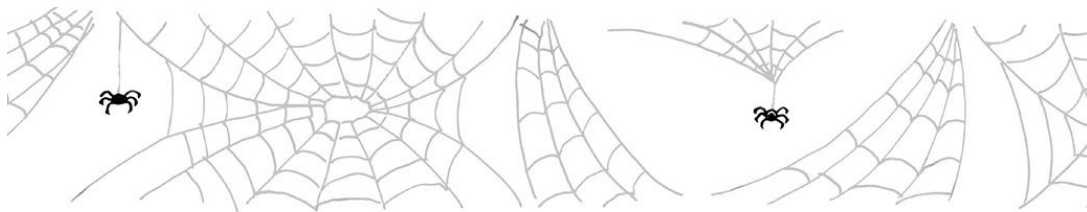
smelled of **mold**.

I tried to climb to

the second floor,

but the stairs were





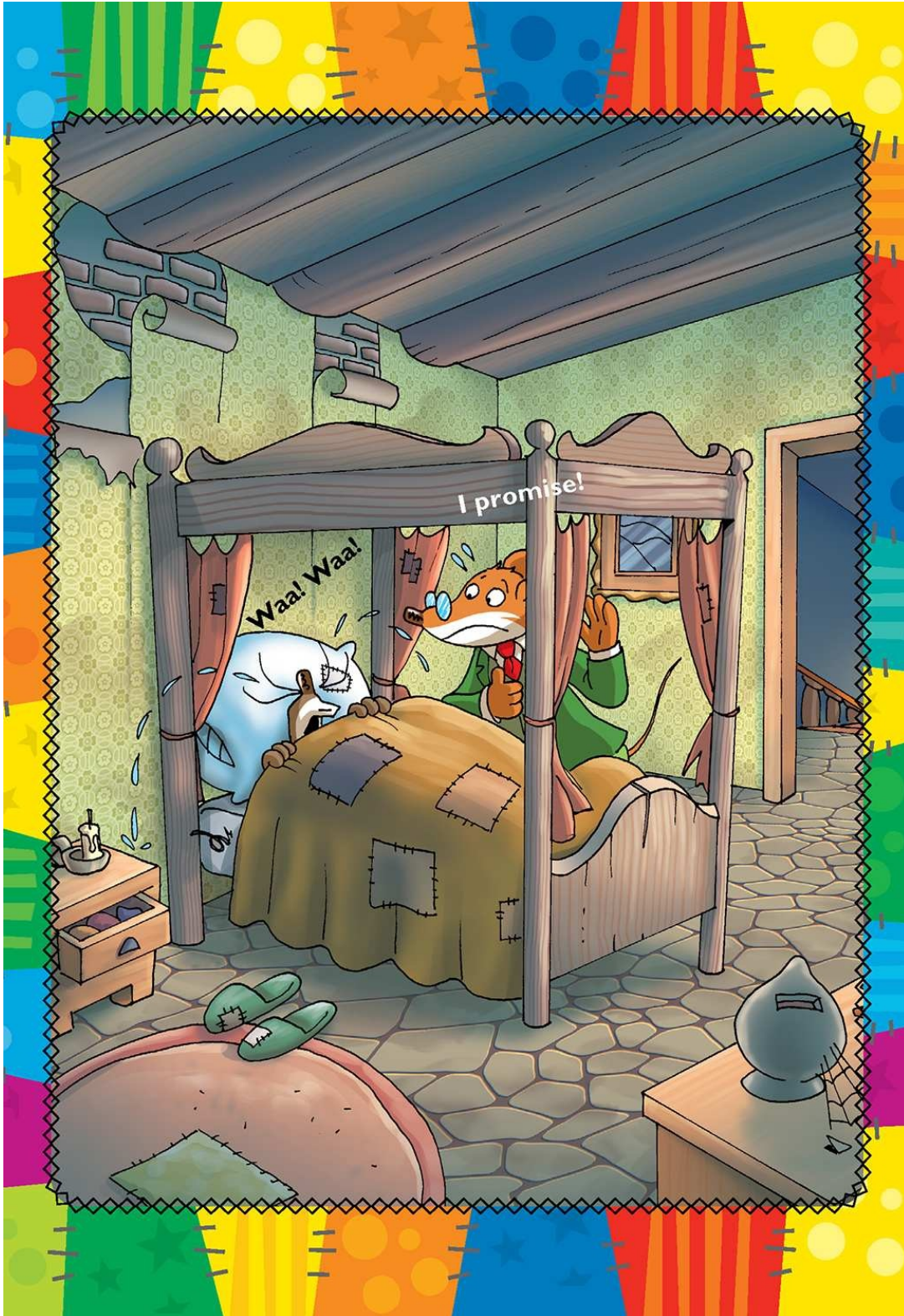
so **dilapidated** that a plank flew up and **smacked** me in the snout. **Ouch!**

I finally reached my uncle's room. I found him in bed, **buried** under a pile of blankets. When he saw me, he reached out with a **trembling** paw.

"Dear nepheeeew," he wheezed. "I am about to leave this world. **Waa! Waa!** But before I go, I have one last request. I called you because you are my **dearest** relative, and because all my other relatives **refused!**"

At first, I was **FLATTERED** by my uncle's kind words. After all, my heart is **softer** than mozzarella, and I can be a real **cheeseball**. But, oh, how I would come to **REGRET** agreeing to help him!

"What is it, Uncle?" I asked. "Tell me your request, and I **promise** I'll try to make you happy."





For a moment I thought I saw a **sneaky** look in his eyes.

“Oh, dear nephew, you are so kind and **generous!**” he replied. “I would like my tomb to be in the garden, and I would like it to be surrounded by lots and lots of **flowers!** Can you plant lots of flowers in the castle garden for me?”

“Of course!” I replied. “I’ll do it for you **tomorrow!**”

I went to my room feeling **CONTENT**. Tomorrow, I would help grant my uncle’s **last request!** But tonight, I would sleep in a room that was incredibly **DRAFTY** because all the windows were broken. Also, the sheets were torn and the blankets were **THIN** and had been **eaten** by moths. Oh, it was going to be a long, **cold** night!



SINCE YOU'VE ALREADY STARTED . . .

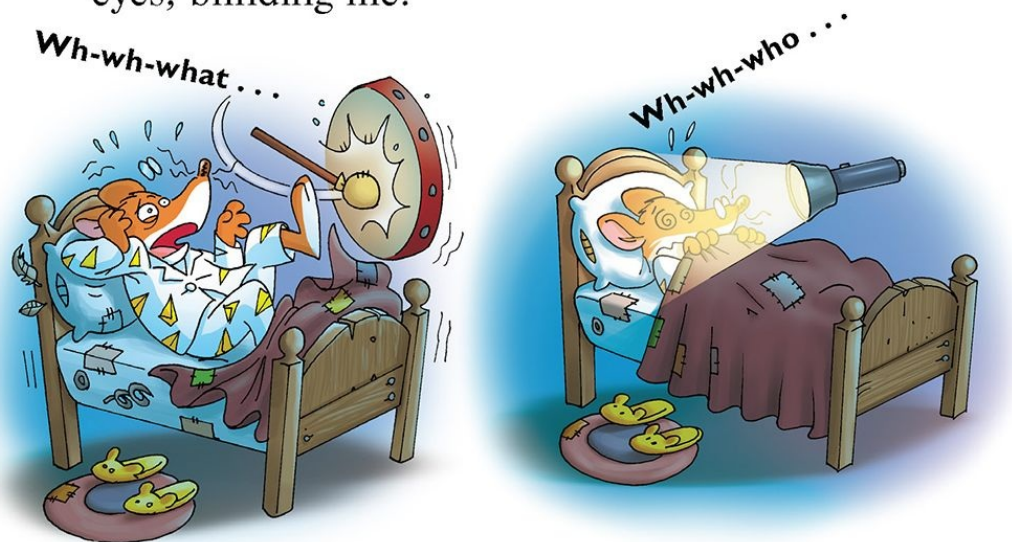
The next morning, I was sleeping soundly when a **TREMENDOUS** noise woke me with a start.

Bong!

I was so **ALARMED** I almost jumped out of my fur.

"WH-WHAT WAS THAT?" I stammered.

Someone aimed a flashlight right in my eyes, blinding me.





“**AAAAH!**” I squeaked. “Wh-who’s there?”

A paw reached out and **GRABBED** my shoulder.

“**HELP!**” I squealed at the top of my lungs.

It was Uncle Stingysnout.

“Nephew, you really need to **RELAX!**” he said. “You seem very, very **tense** and **nervous**. I just wanted to remind you that the **sun** is almost up, so you might want to get out of bed. You should really get moving if you want to plant all the **flowers** before nightfall.”





I rubbed my eyes **groggily**.



“You’ll keep your **promise**, right?”



Uncle Stingysnout asked **ANXIOUSLY**. “You’ll plant the garden with lots and lots of flowers before I **CROAK**, right?”

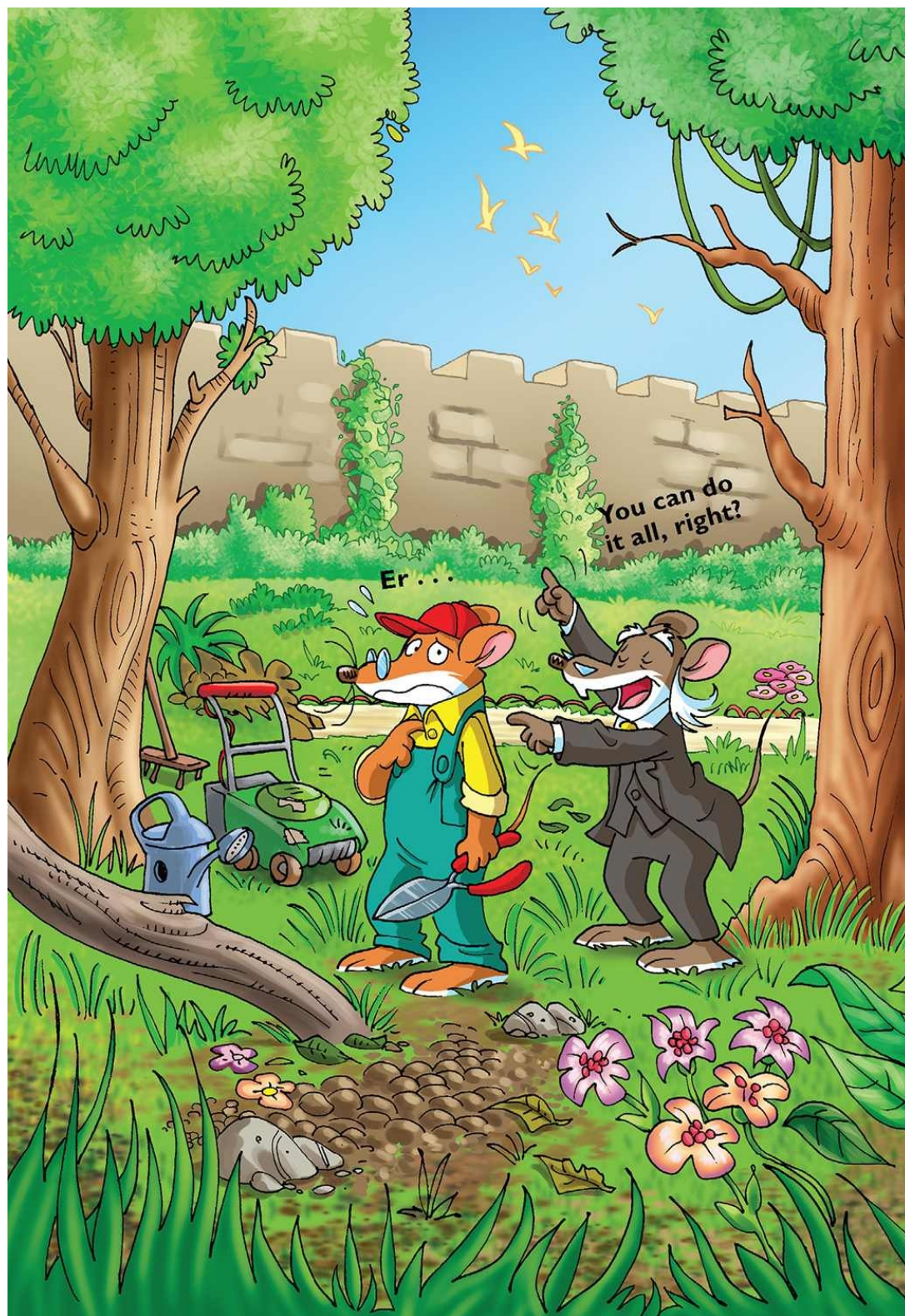


“Of course, Uncle!” I muttered as I climbed out of bed, still **stiff** from the **COLD** night. “I always keep my promises. **Rodent’s honor**.”



So I dragged myself to the garden and began **planting**. Before long, Uncle Stingysnout came to check up on me.

“Since you’ve already started working, dear nephew, there are a few **more** things I’d like you to do,” he said. “I could use help **CUTTING** the vines, pulling out the weeds, pruning the trees, **watering** the lawn, **raking** the gravel, clearing the pathways, and **FERTILIZING** the soil. I’d call the gardener, but **it costs too much!**”





“Oh, all right, Uncle,” I agreed with a sigh.

At the end of the day, the garden looked **beautiful**.

“Oh, thank you, Nephew!” Uncle Stingysnout **GUSHED** dramatically. “Thank you for making the garden so comfortable and flowery. It will be a lovely **eternal** resting place. **Sniff, sniff!**”

I was so exhausted I barely had the **STRENGTH** to reply.

“It was nothing, Uncle,” I squeaked before I dragged myself to my bed and **collapsed**. I was so **super-extra-tired** that despite the freezing draft and the constant sound of the shutters **banging** against my windows, I immediately fell into a **deep, deep** sleep.





SEVEN MORE TEENY, TINY LAST REQUESTS



The next morning I packed my bag and prepared to **HEAD BACK** to New Mouse City. I went to say good-bye to my uncle, but as soon as he saw me holding my suitcase, he started **SOBBING**.

“Oh, thank you for what you did for me, Nephew!” he said. “Go ahead, go back to New Mouse City. Leave me here, ~~alone~~ ~~and abandoned~~. Don’t worry about me. I’ll be okay. After all, I hardly have any time left. It’s not like I have any other **teeny, tiny** last requests. . . .”

I remembered all the **backbreaking** work I had done in the garden the day before. That had all started out as one **SMALL**



request. But because I am a *gentlemouse* (and a good nephew!), I couldn't just leave.

I sighed and put down my suitcase.

"Is there something else I can do for you, Uncle?" I asked.

Uncle Stingysnout **JUMPED** into the air with joy, as if all his **strength** had suddenly returned.

"Yes!" he squeaked. "Yes, yes, yes, my dear nephew, there are a few more **teeny**, **tiny** things. It's **small** stuff, really. Just a little something here and there before I go to my **cold**, **DARK**, and **LONELY** grave!"

"That sounds okay," I agreed.

"Actually, it's **seven** little things!" he added **QUICKLY**.

"Seven!" I exclaimed in shock. "Yesterday you told me you had just **ONE** last request."



He **kneeled** down in front of me.

“Oh, please, please, please, with **cheese** on top?” he begged dramatically. “I don’t know what I would do without a **GENEROUS, KINDHEARTED** nephew like you!”

“All right, I’ll do it,” I agreed with a sigh. How could I say **no**?

“Great!” Uncle Stingysnout announced with **satisfaction**. “Here’s what I want you to do. . . .”





1 Plant a **flowery** garden around my tomb.
(You've already done this one: Good job!)

2 **P**olish my coffin.

3 **F**ix my car for the funeral.

4 Find my **WILL**.

5 Sew my funeral **SUIT**.

6 Cook **DINNER** for the funeral.

7 Get the **castle** ready for the funeral.



POLISH MY COFFIN, AND THEN . . .

I began polishing my uncle's coffin, but it was falling apart.

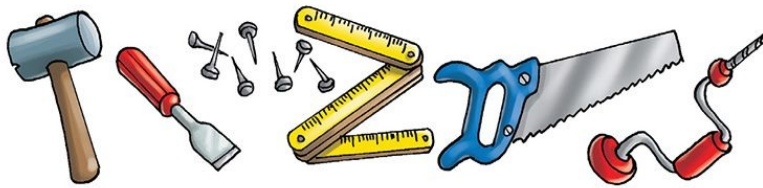
"Can you fix it, Nephew?" he asked.

"Of course!" I replied.

I found a hammer and some nails and **repaired** the coffin.

"Erhem." Uncle Stingysnout cleared his throat. "Since you've already started and all the **TOOLS** are out, do you think you might be able to fix this bathroom **CABINET**, too?"

How could I say **NO**? So I fixed the bathroom **cabinet**. Then my uncle asked



me to fix my cousin Stevie's dresser, the cheese **cabinet** in the kitchen, the bureau in the guest room, the **COATRACK** in the closet, the **green** armchairs in the living room, the **red** chairs in the great hall, the desk in the study, Great-Great-Grandmother Stingysnout's **BED**, the couch in the storage room, the **BOOKSHELVES** in the library, the staircase in the hall, the **LADDER** to the attic, the dining room table, the **TABLE** near the fireplace, the wood floors in the whole castle, the front **DOOR**, the small service **DOOR**, the drawbridge . . . and many, many other things. I did it **ALL**!

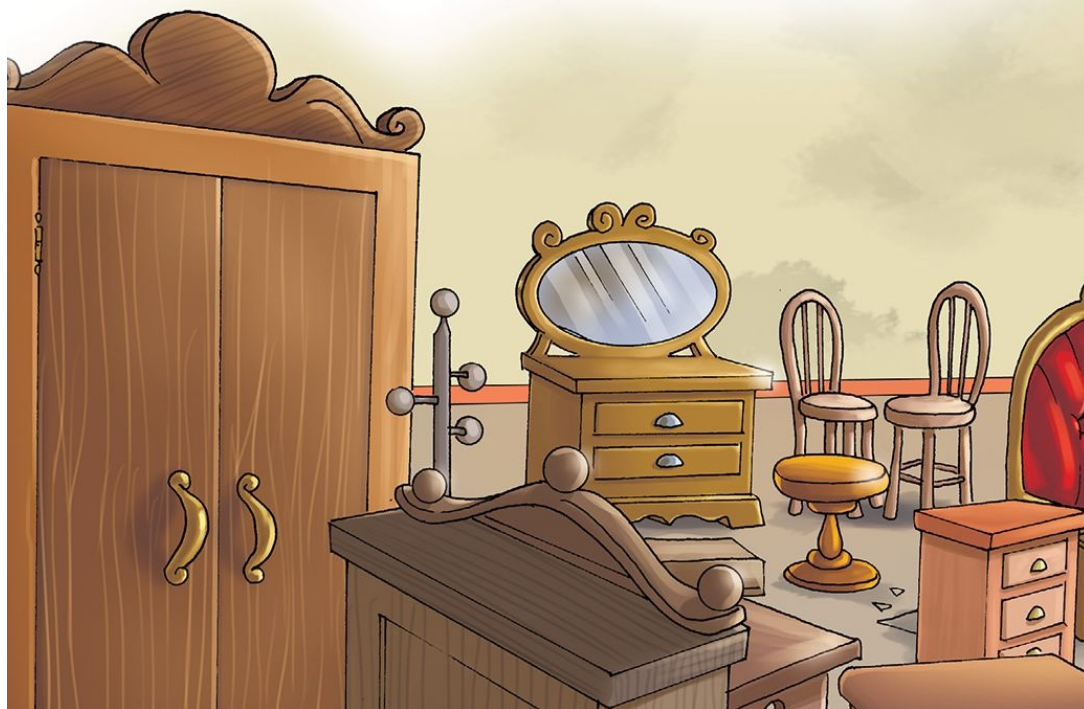
"You see, dear nephew, we couldn't possibly call the **carpenter**," Uncle Stingysnout explained. "I have to save, save, save, and **IT COSTS TOO MUCH!**"

Basically, by the end of the day, I had

polished and repaired **ALL** the furniture in the castle!

“Good job, Nephew!” Uncle Stingysnout said, clapping me on the back.

I fell into one of the newly fixed-up armchairs, completely **EXHAUSTED**. I had terrible blisters all over my paws and



an **awful** backache. That night I was so tired,
I slept like a **WOODEN LOG**. . . . I didn't
move an inch!





FIX MY CAR, AND THEN . . .

The next morning at dawn, Uncle Stingysnout led me to the **GARAGE**.

“I can’t afford a **hearse** for the funeral because **IT COSTS TOO MUCH!**” he told me. “So I’ll have to use my own **CAR**. Can you fix it?”





How could I say **no**? So I opened the hood and began to **fiddle** with the pistons, fuses, bolts, and screws. I even got under the car, covering myself completely in **oil**. Finally, after a few hours, I got it running: The car **WORKED PERFECTLY**.

“Erhem.” Uncle Stingysnout cleared his throat. “Since you’ve already started, Nephew, could you fill up the **TANK**, too?”





How could I say **NO**? So I filled up the tank, checked the **pressure** of the tires, and **WASHED**, **waxed**, and **cleaned** the car.



“Since you’ve already started, Nephew, would you mind fixing the **LAWN MOWER** (it’s missing a screw), repairing the **washing machine** (it’s clogged with limestone), taking a look at the **dishwasher** (it makes really strange noises), checking out the **OVEN** (it doesn’t heat up properly), repairing the **refrigerator**



(it doesn’t get cold), tuning the **television**, and fixing the **RADIO**?” Uncle Stingysnout asked. “You know I can’t call the repairman because **IT COSTS TOO MUCH**, right?”



My answer was: **“AAAARGGGHHH!”**

But how could I say **NO**? So I got to **work**. Every once in a while, Uncle Stingysnout came to check on me.

“Great job!” he said. “How great you are, dear nephew!”

I’m sure you can guess what I was like at the end of the day: completely **exhausted**! That night I was so **tired**, I slept like a box of tools. . . . **I didn’t move an inch!** And I did it right there in Uncle Stingysnout’s car!





FIND MY WILL, AND THEN . . .

The next morning I woke up feeling tired but **happy**: Today's task would be an **EASY** one! All I had to do was find Uncle Stingysnout's **will**.

My uncle was waiting for me in the library, where he greeted me with a **suspicious**-looking smile.

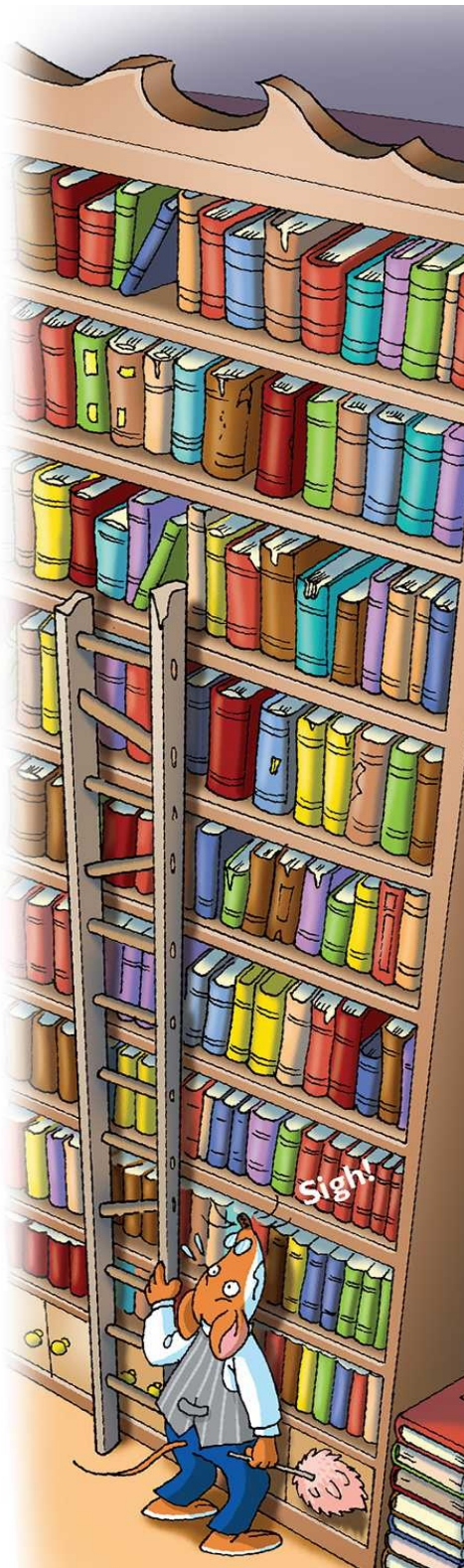
"Good morning, dear nephew," he said. "Today you have to find my will. I think it's hidden somewhere in this library, in one of these **seven thousand** books!"

I almost *fainted* when I looked **UP** at the **ROWS AND ROWS** of books. They never seemed to end! But how could I say **no**? So I rolled up my sleeves and began to sift

through the books **ONE BY ONE**.

“Erhem.” Uncle Stingysnout cleared his throat. “Since you’ve already started, could you also organize these books **alphabetically**? And dust them off, **ONE BY ONE**? You know, no one has cleaned in here for about twenty years. I can’t hire a cleaner because **IT COSTS TOO MUCH!**”

How could I say **NO**? I got to work, but in order to get to the books on the **TOP** shelves, I needed a ladder. I found the





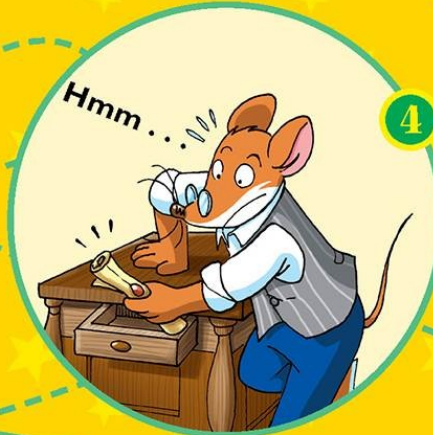
TALLEST one in the castle. But as I was climbing, a rung broke and I **fell** ①. I *landed* on a wooden desk ②, then I tumbled to the floor, massaging my head where a great big **BUMP** had formed ③. Suddenly, I noticed something **strange** ④. Falling onto the desk had activated a **HIDDEN** mechanism that was linked to a **SECRET** drawer. The drawer had opened, and inside was a rolled-up **SCROLL**! I grabbed the scroll and ran to find Uncle Stingysnout ⑤.

“Uncle, I think I found your will!” I **squeaked**.

Uncle Stingysnout grabbed the scroll and **stuffed** it in his pocket.

“No, no,” he said quickly. “It’s not my will, **UNFORTUNATELY**.”

So I got back to **work** searching for





the will among all those books while I **alphabetized** and **dusted**.

I had just finished dusting the library when my uncle **popped** into the room again.

“Erhem,” he said, clearing his throat. “Since you’ve already started, would you mind dusting the **ENTIRE CASTLE**, from the ground floor to the attic?”





How could I say **NO**? So I dusted the **ENTIRE CASTLE** (and I mean the **WHOLE** thing!), but I still hadn't found the will **ANYWHERE**! Just as I was about to find my uncle to explain the situation, he suddenly appeared, **rustling** a piece of paper.

"Nephew, have you finished already?" he asked. "**You're so great!** And I have good news: I found my will! It was in my safe the whole time. How **silly** of me to have **forgotten!**"





“Oh, I’m so happy!” I managed to **stutter** before I passed out from **EXHAUSTION**. That night, I was so tired I slept like a stack of books. . . . **I didn’t move an inch!** And in my dreams, I was chased by hundreds of **dusty** dictionaries!





SEW MY FUNERAL SUIT, AND THEN . . .

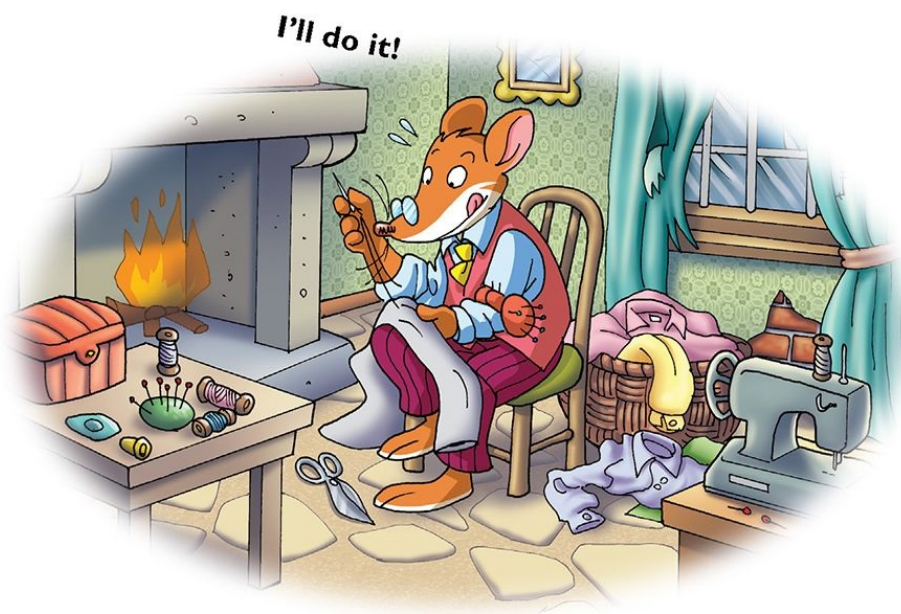
The next morning, I was so **tired** I had trouble getting up. But I had work to do — I needed to **patch up** Uncle Stingysnout's funeral suit. I'll admit it: I'm not very good at **sewing**. But I promised myself I would try my **BEST** for poor Uncle Stingysnout.

I sat down in a chair and opened the **WOODEN** box that contained the needles, thread, scissors, and thimble. I was having a really hard time **THREADING** the needle when I stabbed myself in the paw. **Ouchie!** After a few more attempts, I finally got it. My uncle's suit was full of **holes** and **PATCHES**, but after a few hours, I was finished.

I sighed with **relief**.

“Uncle Stingysnout, I’m finished!” I yelled.

He came quickly. “Already?” he asked.
“**How great!** Since you’ve already started and you have some **extra** time on your paws, could you **patch** my underwear, socks, undershirts, shirts, ties, jackets, pants, and handkerchiefs? And then maybe **mend** the castle sheets, towels, dishcloths, and aprons?”



I was about to have a **PANIC** attack, but how could I say **NO**? I gathered my **STRENGTH** and grabbed my needle.

“Okay, okay, Uncle,” I said. “I’ll mend it **all** — every last **THING**!”

By afternoon, I was almost finished. But then Uncle Stingysnout arrived with a pile of cotton, linen, and velvet **fabric** in all different **colors**. “Since you’ve already started, can you reupholster the **LOVE SEAT** in the entryway, the sofa in the living



room, the chair in the pantry, the chair in the study, and all the **FURNITURE** in the castle?” he asked. “And can you sew some nice new **CURTAINS** that will cover the windows of the castle? And sew some new **BEDSPREADS** for all the bedrooms? I would hire a seamstress, but **IT COSTS TOO MUCH!**”

When I was finally done I was so **TIRED** I fell asleep in a laundry basket. That night I slept like a pile of laundry. . . . *I didn't move an inch!*





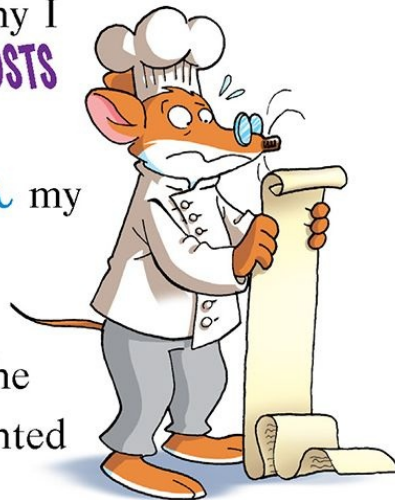
COOK DINNER FOR THE FUNERAL, AND THEN . . .

The next morning, I woke up to find Uncle Stingysnout standing over me with an **APRON** and a **CHEF'S HAT**.

“Dearest Geronimo,” he said. “You’d better get up and put these on. After all, today you have to cook for my **FUNERAL** banquet! You understand why I can’t hire a chef, right? **IT COSTS TOO MUCH!**”

I sighed and **dragged** my tail out of bed. Then I headed to the kitchen.

When I saw the list of all the different **foods** my uncle wanted



me to prepare, I was **SQUEAKLESS**. It was more food than any mouse could eat in an entire **year**!

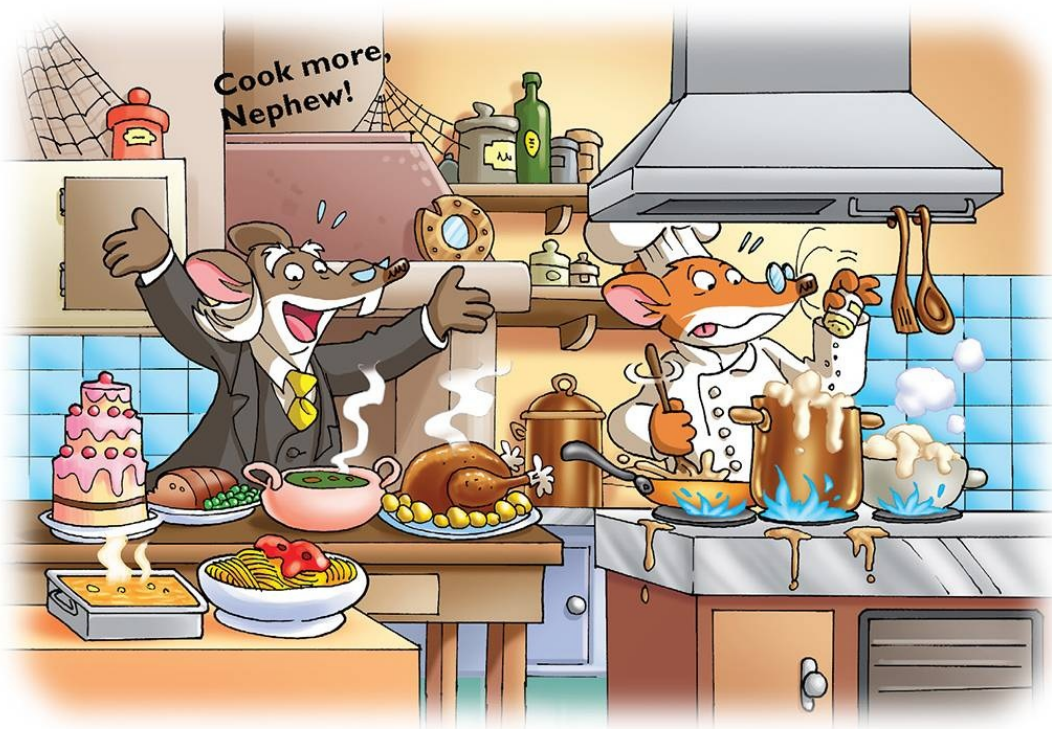
But how could I say **no**? I immediately ran off to do the shopping. I bought more food than I could **CARRY**! Finally, I began to cook. I made tons of teeny, **TINY** appetizers, **enormouse** trays of lasagna, dozens of roasts, **mountains** of cheese cubes, plates and plates of vegetables, and **HUNDREDS** of pies and cheesecakes.



Cheesecake is definitely my specialty.

“Keep on **COOKING**, Geronimo!” Uncle Stingysnout urged me. “Make **LOTS AND LOTS** of food because we don’t know how much we’ll **need**! Who knows? Hundreds of people will probably show up for my **FUNERAL**!”

It was late at night by the time I was finished **COOKING**, cleaning up the





kitchen, and washing all those **dirty** pots and pans. I put all the food in Uncle Stingysnout's enormous **freezer**.

When Uncle Stingysnout came to **CHECK UP** on me, he opened the freezer and **TEARS** of joy filled his eyes. He was so **GLAD** to see all that precooked food ready to be **defrosted** that I was proud I had helped make his last days **HAPPY** ones.

"I'm finished, Uncle," I muttered, exhausted.

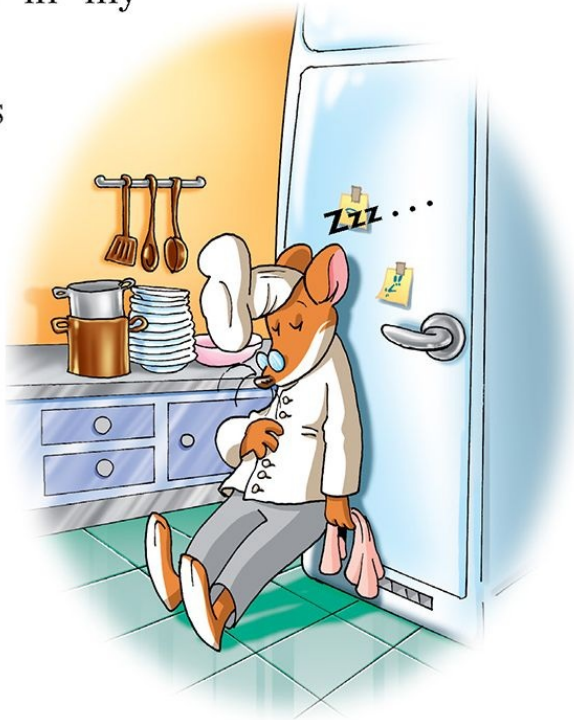
“Can I go to **SLEEP** now?”

“Great job, Nephew!” he exclaimed, patting my back with his paw. “Yes, yes. Go to **BED**. You’ll need your rest, because tomorrow will be a **VERY** hard day. . . .”

But I wasn’t listening to him anymore. Instead, I was sleeping while standing up, leaning against the **ENORMOUSE** freezer, a dish towel still in my paw!

That night, I was so tired I slept like an **overstuffed** turkey. . . .

*I didn’t
move an inch!*





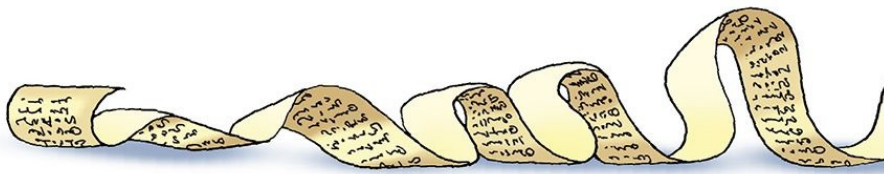
GET THE CASTLE READY . . . AND THAT'S IT!

The next morning when I **WOKE UP** I was still leaning against the freezer.

“Good **morning**, Nephew!” Uncle Stingysnout squeaked happily. “Today, you will fulfill my very **LAST** wish: get Penny Pincher Castle ready for the **FUNERAL**! But it might take more than a **DAY** to do it. . . .”

I was **worried**. “What exactly do you mean by ‘**GET THE CASTLE READY**’?” I asked.

“Erhem, well . . .” he said, **clearing** his throat and pulling out a very **LONG** list. “My dearest nephew, this is what I mean





by ‘**GET THE CASTLE READY**’:
paint the walls and ceilings, **WAX** the
floors, **REDO** the electrical system, **repair** the
plumbing, clean the sewers, **RESTORE** the
roof, **install** heating and air-conditioning, and
transform the pond into a heated swimming
pool! I wish I could hire a contractor to do
it, but as you know, dear nephew, **IT COSTS
TOO MUCH!**”

I couldn’t take it anymore! I took one look
at the list and I **FAINTED**.





A **MOMENT** later, Uncle Stingysnout awakened me with a bucket of **ice-cold** water in the snout.

“**Wake up**, Geronimo!” he squeaked. “I’m counting on you to refurbish the castle **INSIDE AND OUT**. And when I say **INSIDE AND OUT**, I really mean **INSIDE AND OUT**. This is my very **Last** request!”

“B-but, Uncle —” I began, but he cut me off.





“Oh, poor, poor me!” he moaned. “I’m so **old** and so **sick**, and I just have this one **TINY** last request before I croak, which might be **very, very** soon! You’ll help me out, won’t you, Nephew?”

MOLDY MOZZARELLA! This time, I knew I couldn’t do it **alone**. It was too much **WORK**! It would take me an entire year to **refurbish the castle** inside and out. There was only one thing to do. . . .



WE'RE HERE TO HELP!

I had no choice: I had to ask for **HELP**! So I got on the **phone** and called my relatives and all of my friends. A few hours later, a **FLOOD** of rodents arrived.

It was my entire family: my sister, **THEA**; my cousin **TRAP**; my beloved nephew **BENJAMIN**; and even Grandfather **William Shortpaws**. Tina Spicytail, Aunt Sweetfur, Uncle Grayfur, Aunt Sugarfur, Uncle Kindpaws, Squeaky and Squeakette, Grandma Rose, and Grandpa Hayfur were all there, too!

After my family arrived, my **friends** and **coworkers** from *The Rodent's Gazette* followed: my charming friend **Petunia Pretty Paws**, my adventurous friend **Wild**

That's me! I'm so moved that
my family and friends have
come to help me!





Willie and his adventurous cousin Maya, my athletic friend **BRUCE HYENA**, and my detective friend **HERCULE POIRAT** were all there, along with many others!

Everyone gathered around me.

“What do you **need**, Geronimo?” someone asked.

“Yeah, we’re here to **HELP!**”

I told them about the letter I had received from Uncle Stingysnout, and about how I had promised my poor uncle that I would fulfill his seven **FINAL requests**. Then I explained how I was **never** going to be able to keep my promise.

The crowd was totally **SILENT**. Finally, my sister, Thea, squeaked up.

“Friends, I don’t know if you know Samuel S. Stingysnout . . .” she began.

“Of course we do!” someone replied. “He’s



the **stingiest** rodent on **Mouse Island!**"

"Forget Mouse Island," Trap added. "I think he might win champion of the **WORLD!**"

"It's true!" little Benjamin **squeaked** in agreement. "Uncle Stingysnout is a real **CHEAPSKATE!**"

"I don't think Uncle Stingysnout is really sick," Thea grumbled. "I think he's **FAKING** it!"

"I'm not surprised he called *you*, Geronimo," Trap taunted me. "You would believe **anything!**"

But Benjamin defended me.

"No, Uncle G just has a heart of **GOLD,**" Benjamin explained. "It's as **soft and tender** as a ball of mozzarella!"

I was **shocked** and upset. "But why would Uncle Stingysnout **fake** a terrible illness?" I squeaked.



UNCLE STINGYSNOUT, THE CHEAPEST RODENT ON MOUSE ISLAND!



He washes his hands
with barely any soap so
it doesn't get used up!



When he makes tea, he
reuses the same tea bag
over and over again!



When it rains, he doesn't use an
umbrella. He saves water because
he doesn't shower that day!



How did Uncle Stingynout become such a cheapskate? He learned it from his great-grandfather Cheddar Cheapskate, who barely ever spoke because he was always saving his breath!



He painted flames on the fireplace so he wouldn't have to buy wood!



He reads by the light of lightning to save money on his electric bill!



“What a **rotten** thing to do! I don’t believe it.”

Everyone was **quiet**.

“You don’t have to **help** me,” I told my friends and family. “But I’m not leaving. I made a **PROMISE** to my uncle, and I’ll stay here until it’s done, even if it takes me an entire year to **FIX UP** the castle.”

“Don’t worry, Uncle G,” Benjamin piped up. “I’ll stay.”

“Me too,” Thea agreed.

“We all still think Uncle Stingysnout is being a **trickster**, but we’ll stay to help you, **Geronimo!**” Trap added. Other mice around him nodded in agreement.

“**THANK YOU, FRIENDS!**” I replied, relieved.

Everyone got to work **RIGHT AWAY**. Still, it took an entire week to **restore** the castle.

Each mouse worked on a specific task, depending on his or her **SKILLS**. For



example, Hercule Poirat is a **detective**, so he worked on installing the **ALARM** system.

Bruce Hyena is a very **adventurous** mouse who isn't afraid of heights (or anything else, for that matter). So he fixed the **SHINGLES** on the roof. Grandpa Shortpaws is a **FORMIDABLE** organizer, and he made sure everyone was on schedule. Aunt Sweetfur is a great



decorator, so she made sure the castle furniture and décor looked amazing.

Everyone worked together, and we had **FUN** while we got the job done! When we were finished, the castle looked totally **different** than it had when we started. Turn the page to see the “**before**” and “**after**” for yourself!

BEFORE



AFTER





HEY YOU, PORTER!

I was truly **satisfied** with the end result. The work had been very **HARD**, but it had been worth it. After all, I made my sick uncle **HAPPY** and saved the Stingysnout family name!

Most of my family and friends had gone **HOME**, but Thea, Trap, Benjamin, and I remained. We were packing up our things to head back to New Mouse City when the door **BURST** open. A tall, **MUSCULAR** rodent strode into the castle. He was wearing a very *elegant* suit, and he was carrying a designer suitcase.

“Hey you, **porter**,” he squeaked rudely. “I have a *reservation* for tonight! Here’s my bag.” He handed me his suitcase.





“I’m sorry, sir,” I replied courteously. “But you must be mistaken. This is a private home, not a **hotel**.”

“No, no, no!” he insisted. “You’re the mouse who’s **MISTAKEN**. This *is* a hotel: *Hotel Stingysnout!* And it’s top-notch, too. It’s a **five-cheese** resort!”

He handed me a **tiny** coin.

“This is for you,” he said. “It’s a **tip**!”

I tried to **object**, but he had already turned around to call to someone behind him.

“Come, come, my **dear**,” he said. “Our **ROOM** will be ready in a minute.”

He **GLARED** at me intently as a blonde rodent dressed in the latest style entered the castle, her tall heels **CLICK-CLACKING** on the newly restored marble floor. I recognized her immediately: It was **Faith**



Fancyfur, the most famous singer on Mouse Island!

“Ooh!” she squeaked. “This hotel is so **cute**! The pool’s heated, right? And where’s the cook? I want some **cheesecake** right away. I’m as **hungry** as a cat!”

“Um, yes, miss, the pool is heated,” I replied instinctively. “But this isn’t a hotel.
I’M SORRY!”





“Hey, no more **JOKES**,” the burly mouse protested angrily. “We have a reservation to spend the weekend here at *Hotel Stingysnout*. Now get the room ready before I **LOSE** my patience! And bring us two slices of cheesecake, **PRONTO**! I hear it’s the hotel *specialty*.”

Right at that moment Thea, Trap, and Benjamin arrived. They were carrying a stack of colored *flyers* with the words HOTEL STINGYSNOUT typed in **BIG** letters.

“Hey, Geronimo, look what we found!” Trap said.





HOTEL STINGYSNOUT?

I read the flyer, but I had **TROUBLE** believing it:



Hotel Stingysnout

FIVE-CHEESE RESORT!

NEWLY RENOVATED!

FEATURES A BEAUTIFUL GARDEN

AND A HEATED POOL!



My phone **buzzed**, and I received an automatic text-message advertisement. I read it, **shocked**:



**Come to Hotel Stingysnout!
It's the most fashionable new
hotel on Mouse Island!**



A second later, my phone **buzzed** again! This time it was a phone call from my friend *Priscilla Prettywhiskers*.



“Hi, Geronimo!” she said. “I just heard that your uncle Samuel Stingysnout transformed his castle into a **fantastic** new hotel! It’s supposed to be very exclusive, and I hear **cheesecake** is the house specialty! Do you think there are rooms available for this weekend?”

As I was listening to Priscilla, Uncle Stingysnout **BOUNCED** down the stairs, looking **healthy**.

“Welcome, dear guests!” he announced **GAILY**. “Welcome to the **FABUMOUSE** Hotel Stingysnout! Allow me to give you a tour of this new, incredibly comfortable hotel! We even have a **HEATED** pool!”



Moldy mozzarella! He didn't even seem **SICK** anymore! Bewildered, I turned to my uncle.

"H-hotel Stingysnout?" I stammered. "B-but what does this **mean**?"

As soon as he saw Trap, Thea, Benjamin, and me, Uncle Stingysnout **STOOPED OVER** and grabbed his back, **COUGHING** dramatically.

Welcome, dear guests!



Oh, it hurts! It hurts!





A second later, Uncle Stingysnout saw the two **TOURISTS** and the stack of colored flyers Trap was holding. He straightened himself up and sighed.

“At this point, I guess you figured out everything, **RIGHT**?” he asked.

“Yes, Uncle, we know,” I squeaked, my paws on my hips. “But I’d still like an **explanation!**”

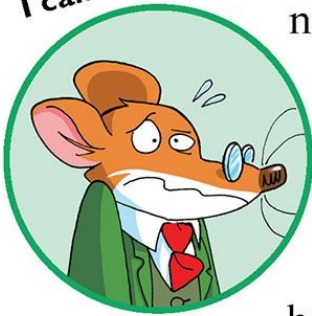




I was so **ANGRY** and upset with him!

“I’ll tell you all the **TRUTH**, the whole **TRUTH**, and nothing but the **TRUTH**!” he agreed with a sigh. “You see, I wanted to open a hotel in the castle, but the building

I can’t say no!



was falling to **PIECES**, and I needed so many **new** things,

like a **beautiful** garden and a heated pool! But I didn’t want to spend any **MONEY**. So I thought of asking Geronimo for help. He’s so kind, and he never

says **no** to anyone. . . .”

Everyone looked at me. I knew what they were thinking: that I’m a **softhearted** mouse who will believe **ANYTHING**! And it’s true — I really am like that. If someone asks me for **HELP**, I can’t say no. But is that such a **bad** thing?



“So, as I was saying,” Uncle Stingysnout continued, “I thought I would ask Geronimo for help. I invented the excuse that I was sick and was about to **CROAK**, and that I had seven **FINAL** requests.”

Thea shook her head.

“You should be ashamed of yourself, Uncle Stingysnout,” she said. “You took advantage of Geronimo’s **good faith** in you.”

“Yeah!” Trap agreed. “Double shame on you, for all the lies you told and for being such a **PENNY PINCHER!**”

Uncle Stingysnout hung his head. “I realize now it was wrong,” he said. “**I’m so sorry!**”

Benjamin didn’t say a thing, but I saw that he was sad.

“Uncle Stingysnout, I’m hurt because you **tricked** everyone,” he said finally. “But I love you and I **FORGIVE** you.”



He gave Uncle Stingysnout a **huge** hug. Uncle Stingynout **hugged** him back, crying.

“Thank you, Benjamin,” he **SOBBED**.
“I **PROMISE** I won’t do it again!”

He turned to me.





“How about you, Geronimo?” he asked remorsefully. “Do you **forgive** me?”

I sighed. I was still **UPSET** with him, but I love my uncle, despite his **flaws**!

“Of course I do!” I replied.

“Let’s go and have a **SWIM** together in the heated pool,” Benjamin suggested, taking Uncle Stingysnout’s paw.

“Great idea!” Uncle Stingysnout replied.

“Then we’ll have a **cheesecake** party: The freezer is full! We’ll eat **together** — all **FIVE** of us! What do you say?”

“Let’s do it!” Benjamin replied **happily**.



SHOW US THE MAP!

We stayed another day in the castle, **sharing** the cheesecake and the pool with the guests of Hotel Stingysnout!

The next morning we were ready to **LEAVE**. We went to say **good-bye** to Uncle Stingysnout and found him seated behind the **DESK** in the library of the castle — I mean, the hotel. I noticed that he seemed very **sad**.

“What’s wrong, Uncle?” I asked.

He sighed. “**NOTHING**, Nephew.”

So Benjamin approached him.

“You can tell me,” he said. “Why aren’t you **HAPPY**?”

Uncle Stingysnout began to **CRY**, but he wouldn’t say **WHY**.



“Come on,” Thea insisted. “Tell us what’s wrong, Uncle!”

“Yeah,” Trap added. “But tell us the **truth** this time!”

Uncle Stingysnout dried his **tears** on my jacket and **blew** his nose on my tie. (To save money, he never kept tissues in his pocket.)

“It all started when Geronimo found that





SCROLL!” he moaned.

“Geronimo!” Thea scolded.

“What have you done now?”

“I haven’t done **anything!**”

I protested. “What scroll, Uncle?

And why is everything always my **fault!?**”

Uncle Stingysnout continued to **SOB**.

“As I was saying, that scroll was actually a **Map**”

“A map?” we all shouted.

“What kind of **Map**?” Trap squeaked.

Uncle Stingysnout clutched the scroll to his chest, **kissing** it and **cuddling** it.

“It’s a **TREASURE** map!” he sobbed.

His words echoed through the castle:

Treasure!!!!
Treasure!!!!
Treasure!!!!

“I need your **HELP** finding the treasure,”



he continued between sobs. “But I don’t know how to ask you! Of course now you won’t want to help me anymore, after I **TRICKED** all of you.”

Suddenly, my **detective** friend Hercule Poirat **popped** out from behind a column.



“Oh, for a **thOUSAND** bananas!” he exclaimed. “Did I hear the word *treasure*? Please allow me to be of service! I am the **best** detective in New Mouse City!”

“Thank you, Hercule,” I replied. “That’s very **kind** of you. Now let’s not waste any more time. Show us the **Map**, Uncle!”

“Yeah!” Thea exclaimed. “Let’s see it! We’ll search for the treasure **TOGETHER**, and then we’ll split it into **equal** parts.”



Uncle Stingysnout **SQUINTED** at us **suspiciously**.

“What if you take the **treasure** and keep it for yourselves?” he asked.

I shook my head at him indignantly.

“We would never do something like that!”

I protested. “We’re **honest** rodents, Uncle!”

“You, on the other hand . . .” Trap **mumbled** under his breath.





“How dare you?!” Uncle Stingysnout cried. “Are you saying that I would **STEAL** the treasure from all of you?”

“Well, you *are* a real **CHEAPSKATE**,” Benjamin remarked candidly.

“And you don’t have the greatest track record when it comes to **honesty**,” Trap added.

“That’s enough!” I squeaked. “Let’s shake paws and **promise** to help each other. Then we can start **LOOKING** for this treasure!”

“Okay, okay,” Uncle Stingysnout agreed. “I promise not to steal any of the treasure, **STINGYSNOUT’S HONOR!**”



THE TREASURE HUNT

Uncle Stingysnout finally showed us the map.

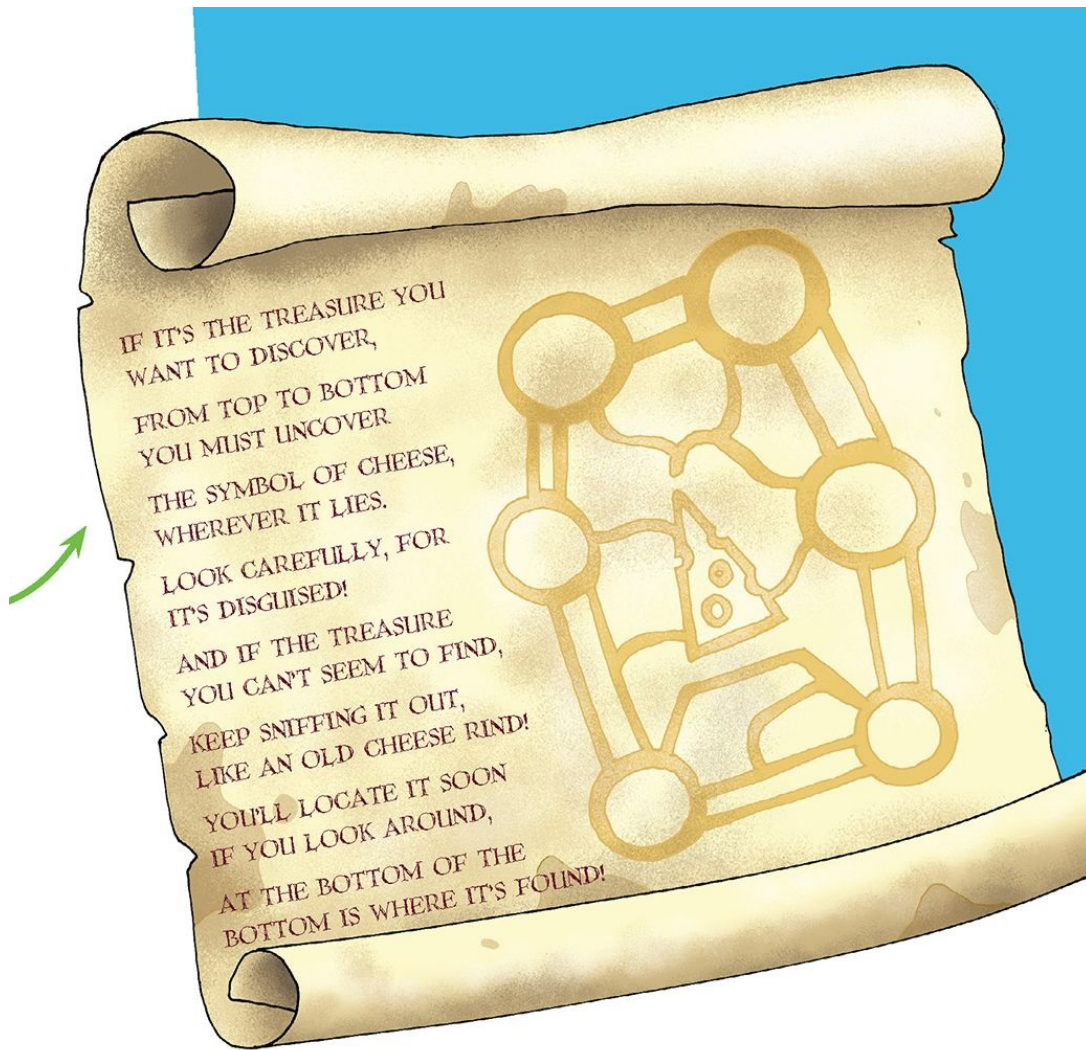
“The **Map** says that we have to **EXPLORE** the castle from top to bottom,” Benjamin pointed out.

“It also says the treasure is ‘**At the bottom of the bottom**,’” Thea added. “But who knows what that means.”

Hercule **examined** the map.

“Hmm, this map seems very **old**, doesn’t it?” he observed. Then he held the map up to his snout and took a big sniff. “And it smells very **STRANGE**, too . . . like **STINKY** old cheese!”

“Geronimo, did you notice anything **interesting** while we were doing all that



WORK on the castle?" Hercule asked me.

I shook my head.

"No, nothing!" I replied. "I was too busy **dusting** and **cleaning** the castle



from top to bottom, from the **FIRST FLOOR** to the **ATTIC!**"

"From the first floor to the attic?" Hercule repeated. "Hmm . . . but the first floor isn't the **bottom** of the castle, is it? Uncle Stingysnout, what is **beneath** the first floor?"

Uncle Stingysnout **JUMPED** out of his chair.

"Why, the **CELLAR** is under the first floor!" he cried. "But no one has been **DOWN** there in years. It's dark, and we'd have to **WASTE** candles to see!"

"Come on, Uncle!" we all shouted.

"Don't be so **cheap!**"

We scrounged around and found five candle stubs with extensions. Uncle Stingysnout had **invented** them to save money!



**A CANDLE STUB WITH AN EXTENSION . . .
TO SAVE MONEY!**

We **LIT** our candles and **descended** the worn-out staircase that led to the castle's cellar. Uncle Stingynout stayed upstairs to wait for us so he wouldn't **waste** any energy searching for the treasure. He really is the **STINGIEST** mouse in the world!





As we were going down the stairs, Trap couldn't stop **chattering**.

"I bet the treasure will be enormous!" Trap said, his eyes **sparkling**. "After all, the Stingysnouts are so **CHEAP**, they never spend anything! So they've probably been building up a treasure for years!"

We searched the basement for **HOURS** and **HOURS**, but we didn't find a thing.

"Oh, I'm getting so **HUNGRY**!" Hercule complained. "I'm as hungry as a cat from all this searching. Does anyone have a **BANANA**?"



No one did. We **looked and looked** for the treasure as our candle stubs burned low. As the light dimmed, the **SHADOWS** on the walls of the cellar grew **LONGER** and **SCARIER**.

"Wh-what was that?" I squeaked, my whiskers **trembling** with fright. A dark shadow had just **JUMPED** out at me.



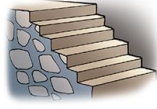
"It's just me, Uncle," Benjamin said sweetly, lowering the paw that held his candle, which was **DRIPPING** wax all over the cellar floor.

I sighed with relief. I thought it had been a **GHOST**!

Hercule hung his head dejectedly as we continued to search for the **cheese** symbol the map mentioned.

"Maybe I was **wrong**," he muttered to himself. "Maybe the treasure isn't in the cellar after all."





THE BOTTOM OF THE BOTTOM

I looked at the map again carefully and tried to **CONSOLE** Hercule.

“It’s very **STRANGE**,” I told him.
“I also thought the treasure would be here in the cellar. We can’t get any closer to the **BOTTOM** than this!”

Poor Hercule just shook his head dismally.

“It doesn’t seem like it is,” he admitted.
“For a thousand bananas, the map **fooled** us all!”

Feeling defeated, we began to climb **up** the **stone** steps that led out of the cellar.

We were halfway up the stairs when Benjamin turned **around** for a moment.

“**LOOK!**” he shouted suddenly.

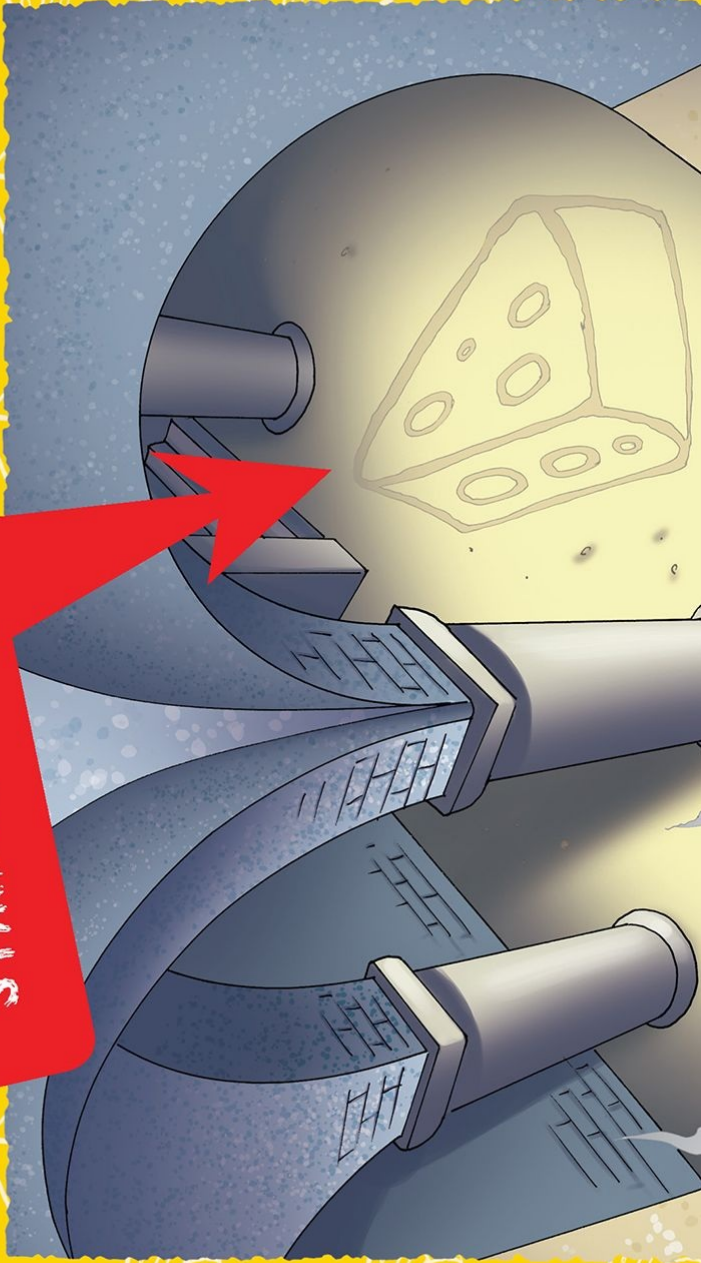


"THERE IT IS!"

I turned around, my heart **racing** with excitement. There it was: the symbol of the **cheese wedge!**



**THE CHEESE WEDGE
SYMBOL FROM THE MAP!**







It was carved into the stone floor of the cellar, which is why the map had said it was at “the bottom of the bottom”! That’s also why we hadn’t seen it before: It was only visible when we were standing on the staircase **ABOVE** the floor!

We **DASHED** back down the steps, **GRABBED** some shovels that were propped in a corner of the basement, and immediately began **DIGGING**. The floor was made of small **stones**, and we lifted them up one at a time. It was **INCREDIBLY** exhausting! Even though they were tiny, they were so, so **heavy**. It took many hours of hard work to remove them all!

Trap directed us while we worked. “**Lift it out! Dig it in! Pick it up!** Come on!” he squeaked. “Keep it up!”

In reality, Trap was taking **advantage** of



the situation (as usual). While we worked hard, he was doing **nothing**! Still, we continued to **dig** and **dig** and **dig**.

Then, suddenly, Thea's shovel **HIT** something. We finally discovered what was beneath the cellar floor. There, at the very "bottom of the bottom," was a **wooden** chest decorated with brass studs!

Hercule hoisted it up and popped the lid open **easily**. We gasped.

Immediately, the irresistible smell of **aged cheese** rose from the chest! Inside were ten perfectly identical wheels of vintage cheese. Each wheel had the date **1313** stamped on it, along with the name of the cheese: **Truffled Cheddar (Extra-stinky)**.

We couldn't believe our **LUCK**! The chest of cheese was a **PRICELESS** treasure!





A STINKY TREASURE

We carried the **HEAVY** chest back up the stairs that led out of the cellar and into the castle. Uncle Stingysnout was waiting for us at the **TOP** of the stairs, **eager** to see what we had found.

“So, did you find it?” he asked **impatiently**. “Huh? Huh? Where’s **MY** — er, I mean, *our* treasure?”

“**Patience, patience,**” Hercule said as we placed the chest down and opened the lid.

The intense **aroma**







he exclaimed. "It's a chest full of **precious** aged cheese!"

He held out his paw.

"Here, give me the treasure," he said. "I'll **divide** it up: **one** cheese for everyone to share, and I'll keep the other **nine**."

Hercule snapped the chest shut.

"**NO, NO, NO**," he scolded Uncle Stingysnout. "That wasn't the agreement! Are you trying to **steal** everyone else's treasure?"

Hercule opened the chest again and removed one wheel of cheese. He brought it up to his mouth and pretended to take a **bite**.

"Oh, oh, oh, I'm so **HUNGRY**!" Hercule said. "Since the deal is off, I think I'll just eat all this cheese right **now**. Yum, yum, yum!"

Suddenly, Uncle Stingysnout looked **SCARED**. He believed Hercule was going



to eat up all that cheese — **right then and there!**

“Wait, wait!” Uncle Stingysnout cried. “I’m sorry! I accept your conditions for dividing up the cheese, just please don’t **EAT** any of it!”

We divided up the cheese **equally**. Uncle Stingysnout quickly locked his cheese up in his **SAFE**. We packed our cheese into our luggage and finally headed **home** to New Mouse City.



A FREE VACATION!

In New Mouse City, the months passed and soon it was **SUMMER**. It was so **hot**, I could barely breathe!

I tried to **cool** myself down any way possible. I turned on two fans, put my feet in a bucket of **freezing** water, and put **cold** compresses on my head, but nothing helped! As my whiskers continued to **sweat** in the incredible heat, I daydreamed about going on vacation somewhere nice and cool, where I could be surrounded by **NATURE** instead of the **SWELTERING** concrete city.

Oh, what I would have given for the chance to dive into some **cool ocean water**. I would even settle for a nice **pool**!

As I was daydreaming, I went through

my **MAIL**. Mixed in with my regular mail was a *mysterious* envelope. **HOW STRANGE!** I opened it immediately. It was an invitation written on a piece of **crumpled** paper. It couldn't be from Uncle Stingysnout, could it?

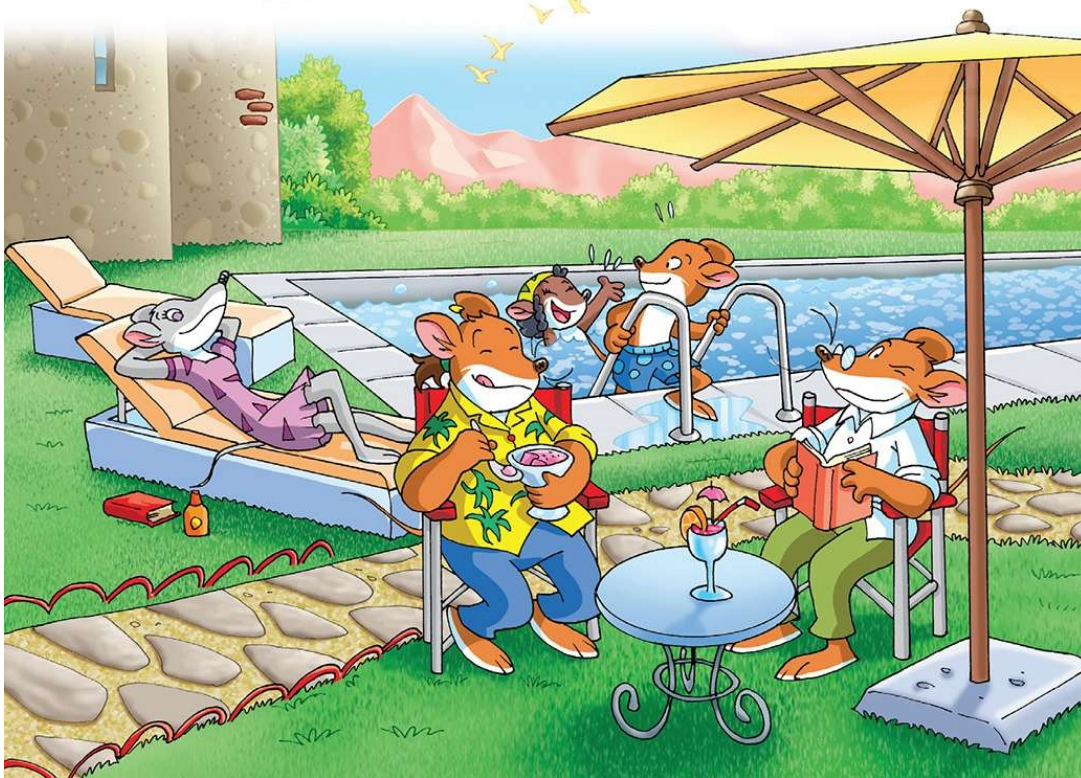


Here's what it said:



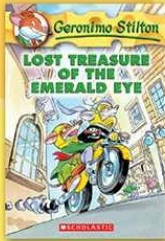
I smiled, remembering all the work my family and I had done to help Uncle Stingysnout. And I was **HAPPY** that, at least for once, my uncle wasn't being thrifty. Instead, he had **invited** us to stay with him at his **expense**!

I called Trap, Thea, Benjamin, and even his friend Buggy Wugsy! We packed our bags and headed straight to Hotel Stingysnout, where we had an extremely wonderful **SUMMER VACATION**. In the end, it's true that when you are **kind** and **Generous** to others, that spirit of generosity is returned to you when you **LEAST** expect it!

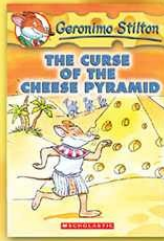




**Be sure to read all my
fabumouse adventures!**



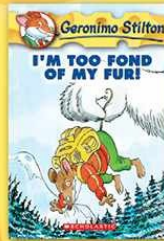
#1 Lost Treasure of the Emerald Eye



#2 The Curse of the Cheese Pyramid



#3 Cat and Mouse in a Haunted House



#4 I'm Too Fond of My Fur!



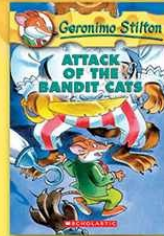
#5 Four Mice Deep in the Jungle



#6 Paws Off, Cheddarface!



#7 Red Pizzas for a Blue Count



#8 Attack of the Bandit Cats



#9 A Fabumouse Vacation for Geronimo



#10 All Because of a Cup of Coffee



#11 It's Halloween, You 'Fraidy Mouse!



#12 Merry Christmas, Geronimo!



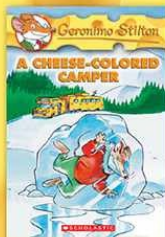
#13 The Phantom of the Subway



#14 The Temple of the Ruby of Fire



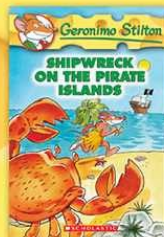
#15 The Mona Mousa Code



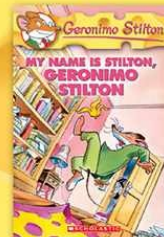
#16 A Cheese-Colored Camper



#17 Watch Your Whiskers, Stilton!



#18 Shipwreck on the Pirate Islands



#19 My Name Is Stilton, Geronimo Stilton



#20 Surf's Up, Geronimo!



#21 The Wild, Wild West



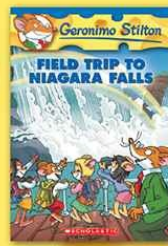
#22 The Secret of Cacklefur Castle



A Christmas Tale



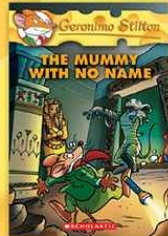
#23 Valentine's Day Disaster



#24 Field Trip to Niagara Falls



#25 The Search for Sunken Treasure



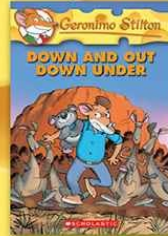
#26 The Mummy with No Name



#27 The Christmas Toy Factory



#28 Wedding Crasher



#29 Down and Out Down Under



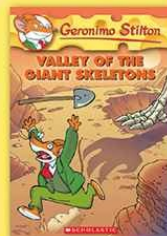
#30 The Mouse Island Marathon



#31 The Mysterious Cheese Thief



Christmas Catastrophe



#32 Valley of the Giant Skeletons



#33 Geronimo and the Gold Medal Mystery



#34 Geronimo Stilton, Secret Agent



#35 A Very Merry Christmas



#36 Geronimo's Valentine



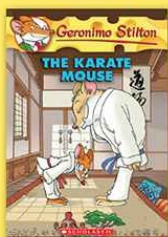
#37 The Race Across America



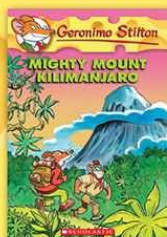
#38 A Fabumouse School Adventure



#39 Singing Sensation



#40 The Karate Mouse



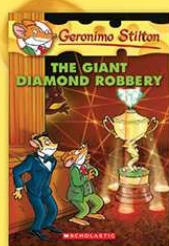
#41 Mighty Mount Kilimanjaro



#42 The Peculiar Pumpkin Thief



#43 I'm Not a Supermouse!



#44 The Giant Diamond Robbery



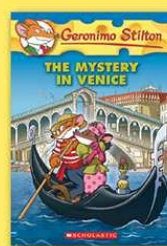
#45 Save the White Whale!



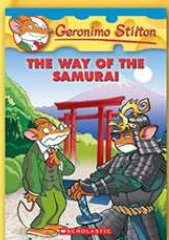
#46 The Haunted Castle



#47 Run for the Hills, Geronimo!



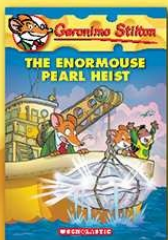
#48 The Mystery in Venice



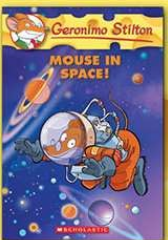
#49 The Way of the Samurai



#50 This Hotel Is Haunted



#51 The Enormous Pearl Heist



#52 Mouse in Space!



#53 Rumble in the Jungle



#54 Get into Gear, Stilton!



#55 The Golden Statue Plot



#56 Flight of the Red Bandit



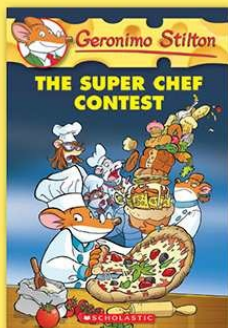
The Hunt for the Golden Book



#57 The Stinky Cheese Vacation



Up next!



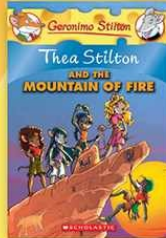
#58 The Super Chef Contest



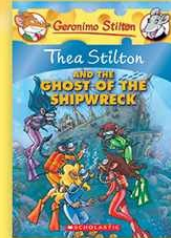
**Don't miss these exciting
Thea Stilton adventures!**



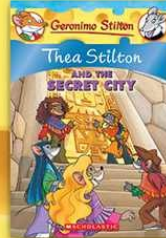
**Thea Stilton and the
Dragon's Code**



**Thea Stilton and the
Mountain of Fire**



**Thea Stilton and the
Ghost of the Shipwreck**



**Thea Stilton and the
Secret City**



**Thea Stilton and the
Mystery in Paris**



**Thea Stilton and the
Cherry Blossom Adventure**



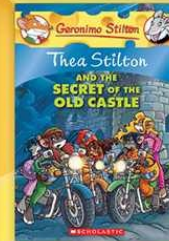
**Thea Stilton and the
Star Castaways**



**Thea Stilton: Big Trouble
in the Big Apple**



**Thea Stilton and the
Ice Treasure**



**Thea Stilton and the
Secret of the Old Castle**



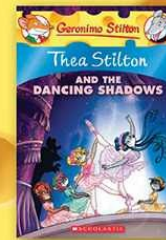
**Thea Stilton and the
Blue Scarab Hunt**



**Thea Stilton and the
Prince's Emerald**



**Thea Stilton and the Mystery
on the Orient Express**



**Thea Stilton and the
Dancing Shadows**



**Thea Stilton and the
Legend of the Fire Flowers**



**Thea Stilton and the
Spanish Dance Mission**



**Thea Stilton and the
Journey to the Lion's Den**



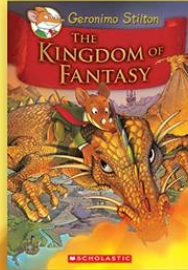
**Thea Stilton and the
Great Tulip Heist**



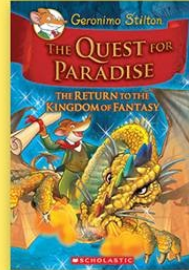
**Thea Stilton and the
Chocolate Sabotage**



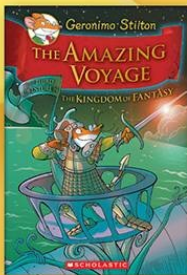
Be sure to read
all of our magical
special edition
adventures!



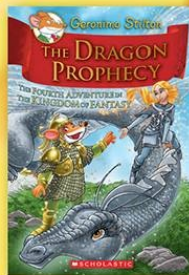
THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



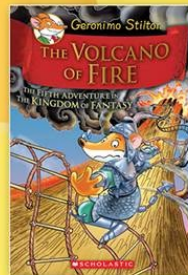
THE QUEST FOR
PARADISE:
THE RETURN TO THE
KINGDOM OF FANTASY



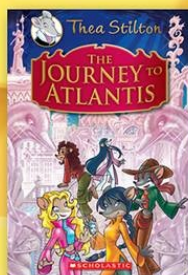
THE AMAZING
VOYAGE:
THE THIRD ADVENTURE IN
THE KINGDOM OF FANTASY



THE DRAGON
PROPHECY:
THE FOURTH ADVENTURE IN
THE KINGDOM OF FANTASY



THE VOLCANO
OF FIRE:
THE FIFTH ADVENTURE IN
THE KINGDOM OF FANTASY



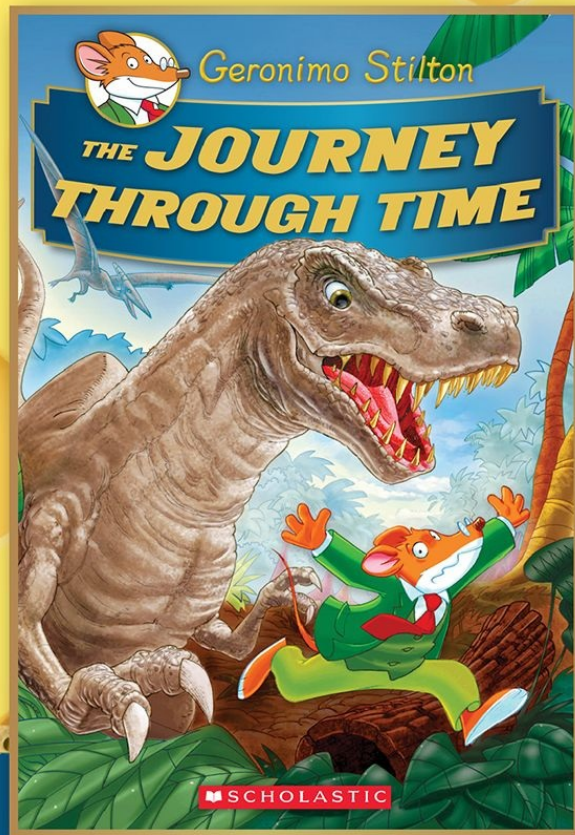
THEA STILTON:
THE JOURNEY
TO ATLANTIS



THEA STILTON:
THE SECRET OF
THE FAIRIES



Join me and my friends on
a journey through time in
this very special edition!

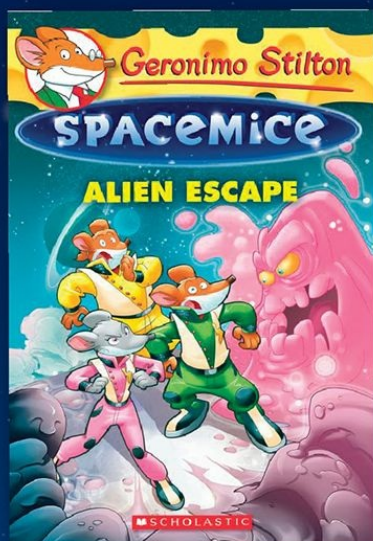


THE JOURNEY
THROUGH TIME

MEET GERONIMO STILTONIX



He is a spacemouse — the Geronimo Stilton of a parallel universe! He is captain of the spaceship ***MouseStar 1***. While flying through the cosmos, he visits distant planets and meets crazy aliens. His adventures are out of this world!



#1 Alien Escape

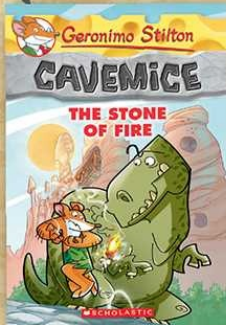


#2 You're Mine, Captain!

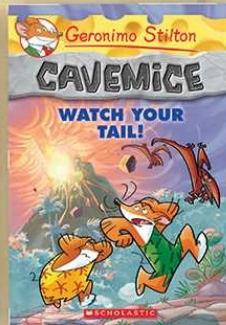


Meet **GERONIMO STILTONOOT**

He is a cavemouse — Geronimo Stilton's ancient ancestor! He runs the stone newspaper in the prehistoric village of Old Mouse City. From dealing with dinosaurs to dodging meteorites, his life in the Stone Age is full of adventure!



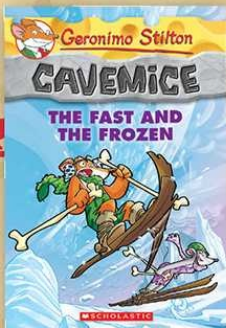
#1 The Stone of Fire



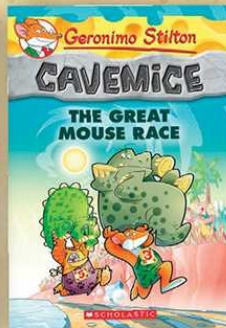
#2 Watch Your Tail!



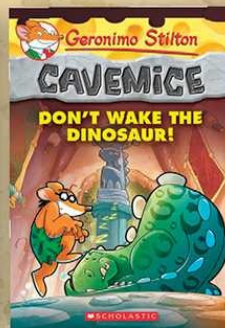
#3 Help, I'm in Hot Lava!



#4 The Fast and the Frozen



#5 The Great Mouse Race



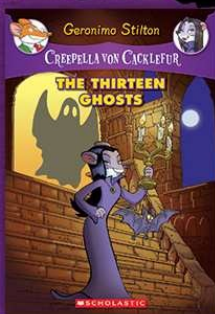
#6 Don't Wake the Dinosaur!



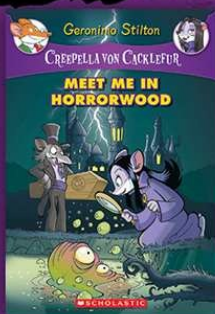
Meet

CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR

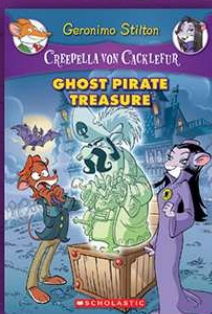
I, *Geronimo Stilton*, have a lot of mouse friends, but none as **spooky** as my friend **CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR**! She is an enchanting and **MYSTERIOUS** mouse with a pet bat named **Bitewing**. **YIKES!** I'm a real 'fraidy mouse, but even I think **CREEPELLA** and her family are **AWFULLY** fascinating. I can't wait for you to read all about **CREEPELLA** in these **fa-mouse-ly funny** and **spectacularly spooky** tales!



#1 The Thirteen Ghosts



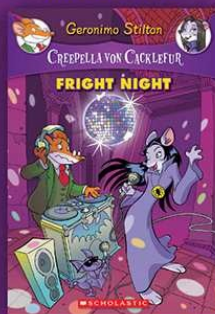
#2 Meet Me in Horrorwood



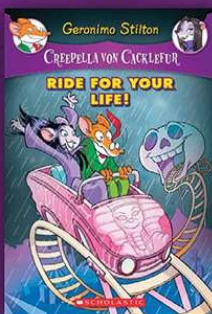
#3 Ghost Pirate Treasure



#4 Return of the Vampire



#5 Fright Night



#6 Ride for Your Life!

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

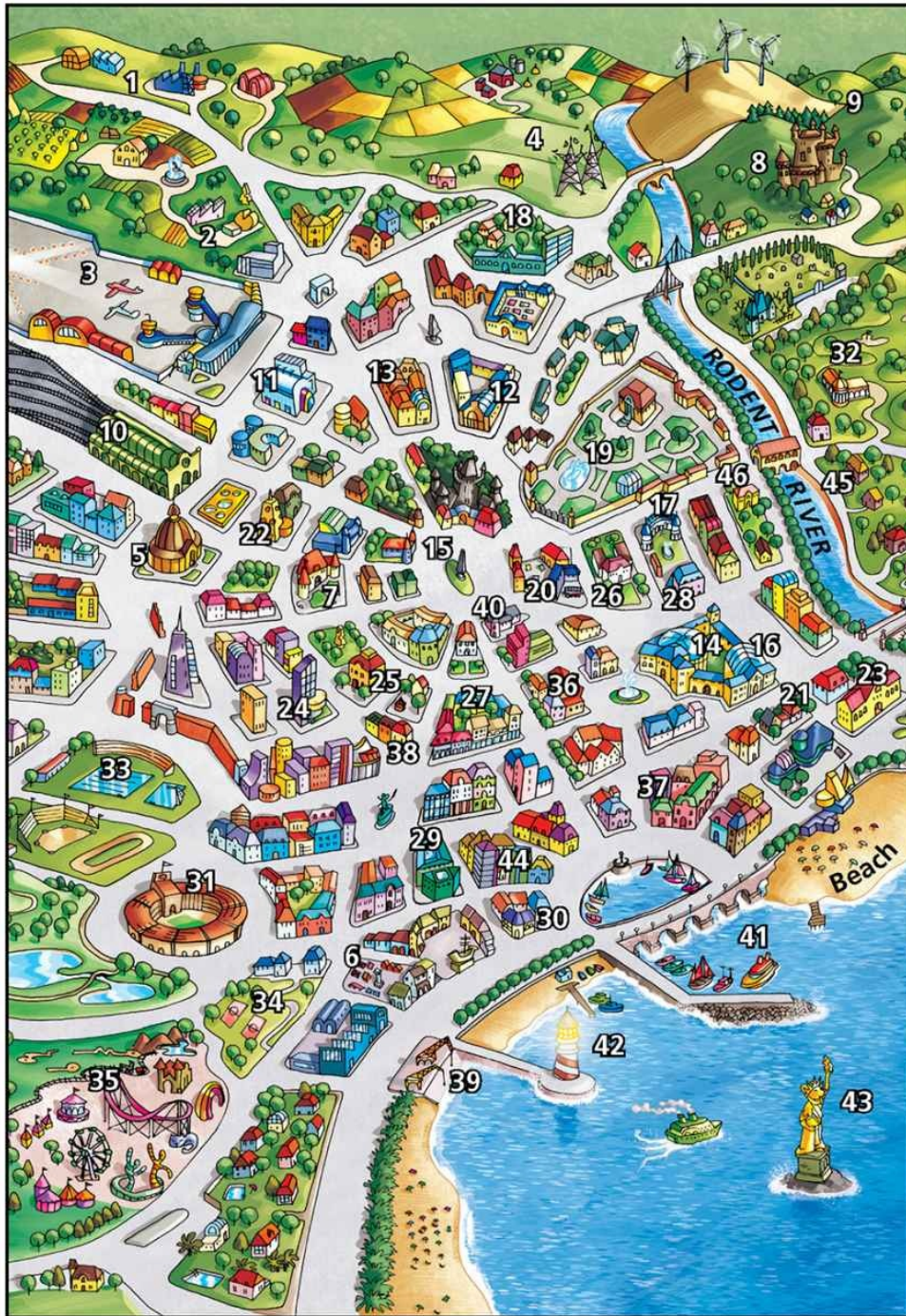


Born in New Mouse City, Mouse Island, **GERONIMO STILTON** is Rattus Emeritus of Mousomorphic Literature and of Neo-Ratonic Comparative Philosophy. For the past twenty years, he has been running *The Rodent's Gazette*, New Mouse City's most widely read daily newspaper.

Stilton was awarded the Ratitzer Prize for his scoops on *The Curse of the Cheese Pyramid* and *The Search for Sunken Treasure*. He has also received the Andersen 2000 Prize for Personality of the Year. One of his bestsellers won the 2002 eBook Award for world's best ratlings' electronic book. His works have been published all over the globe.

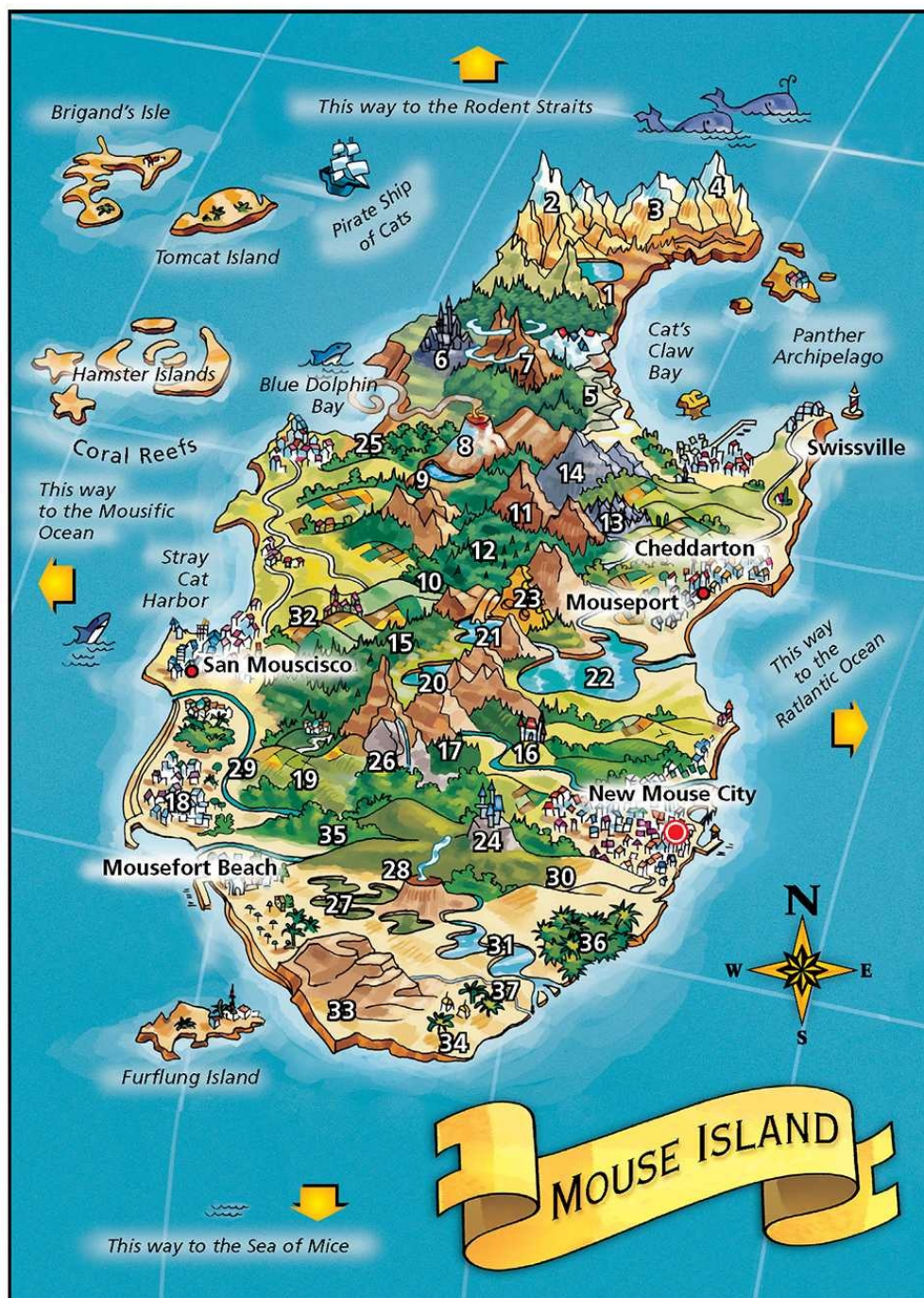
In his spare time, Mr. Stilton collects antique cheese rinds and plays golf. But what he most enjoys is telling stories to his nephew Benjamin.





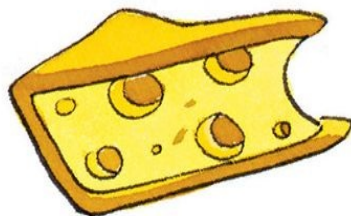
Map of New Mouse City

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Industrial Zone | 24. <i>The Daily Rat</i> |
| 2. Cheese Factories | 25. <i>The Rodent's Gazette</i> |
| 3. Angorat International Airport | 26. Trap's House |
| 4. WRAT Radio and Television Station | 27. Fashion District |
| 5. Cheese Market | 28. The Mouse House Restaurant |
| 6. Fish Market | 29. Environmental Protection Center |
| 7. Town Hall | 30. Harbor Office |
| 8. Snotnose Castle | 31. Mousidon Square Garden |
| 9. The Seven Hills of Mouse Island | 32. Golf Course |
| 10. Mouse Central Station | 33. Swimming Pool |
| 11. Trade Center | 34. Tennis Courts |
| 12. Movie Theater | 35. Curlyfur Island Amusement Park |
| 13. Gym | 36. Geronimo's House |
| 14. Catnegie Hall | 37. Historic District |
| 15. Singing Stone Plaza | 38. Public Library |
| 16. The Gouda Theater | 39. Shipyard |
| 17. Grand Hotel | 40. Thea's House |
| 18. Mouse General Hospital | 41. New Mouse Harbor |
| 19. Botanical Gardens | 42. Luna Lighthouse |
| 20. Cheap Junk for Less (Trap's store) | 43. The Statue of Liberty |
| 21. Aunt Sweetfur and Benjamin's House | 44. Hercule Poirat's Office |
| 22. Mouseum of Modern Art | 45. Petunia Pretty Paws's House |
| 23. University and Library | 46. Grandfather William's House |



Map of Mouse Island

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. Big Ice Lake | 21. Lake Lakelake |
| 2. Frozen Fur Peak | 22. Lake Lakelakelake |
| 3. Slipperyslopes Glacier | 23. Cheddar Crag |
| 4. Coldcreeps Peak | 24. Cannycat Castle |
| 5. Ratzikistan | 25. Valley of the Giant Sequoia |
| 6. Transratania | 26. Cheddar Springs |
| 7. Mount Vamp | 27. Sulfurous Swamp |
| 8. Roastedrat Volcano | 28. Old Reliable Geyser |
| 9. Brimstone Lake | 29. Vole Vale |
| 10. Poopedcat Pass | 30. Ravingrat Ravine |
| 11. Stinko Peak | 31. Gnat Marshes |
| 12. Dark Forest | 32. Munster Highlands |
| 13. Vain Vampires Valley | 33. Mousehara Desert |
| 14. Goose Bumps Gorge | 34. Oasis of the Sweaty Camel |
| 15. The Shadow Line Pass | 35. Cabbagehead Hill |
| 16. Penny Pincher Castle | 36. Rattytrap Jungle |
| 17. Nature Reserve Park | 37. Rio Mosquito |
| 18. Las Ratayas Marinas | |
| 19. Fossil Forest | |
| 20. Lake Lake | |



Dear mouse friends,
Thanks for reading, and farewell
till the next book.
It'll be another whisker-licking-good
adventure, and that's a promise!



Geronimo Stilton



GERONIMO STILTON



THEA



TRAP



BENJAMIN

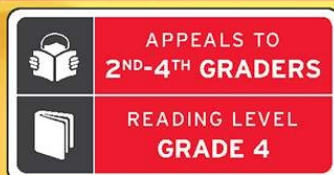
Who is Geronimo Stilton?

That's me! I run a newspaper, but my true passion is writing adventure stories. Here in New Mouse City, the capital of Mouse Island, my books are all bestsellers! My stories are funny, fa-mouse-ly funny. They are whisker-licking-good tales, and that's a promise!

THE STINKY CHEESE VACATION

I was finishing up work one evening when I opened a letter from Uncle Stingysnout. He needed to see me immediately! I headed straight to Penny Pincher Castle for what I thought would be a nice visit . . . but my uncle put me straight to work. Moldy mozzarella, what a terrible vacation!

 **SCHOLASTIC**



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